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STUDIES

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ALLEGIANCE AND THE CROWN.

BY PROFESSOR ALFRED O'RAHILLY, M.A., PH.D.

Summary.

(1). HOMAGE AND ALLEGIANCE.

Allegiance is a feudal obligation between two natural persons, which the king succeeded in monopolising against the claims of lesser lords; it is essentially connected with land-tenure.

(2). LEGAL THEORY OF ALLEGIANCE.

Allegiance ceased to be a bilateral compact and developed into subjection to an absolute monarch ruling by divine right.

(3). CONSTITUTIONAL TRANSFORMATION OF ALLEGIANCE.

Constitutionally this allegiance to a person has now become an expression of adherence to the State, as is evidenced by the change in terminology from King to Crown. Hence the oath of allegiance is an antiquated survival, involving no political or juridical consequences, but retained for the purpose of exciting feudal emotions of loyalty in the snobbish, militarist and ignorant classes.

(4). DISRUPTION OF THE CROWN TO WHICH ALLEGIANCE IS DUE.

The Crown, as representing each Dominion, has become a separate personality. Which is merely a roundabout Anglo-sentimental way of saying that the Dominions, under the ambiguity of the Crown, are the real recipients of effective allegiance.

(1). Homage and Allegiance.

UNDER the feudal system homage was the name given to a solemn profession of attachment and devotion to a superior. It was regarded as the most sacred and intimate tie that could bind one man to another. It was performed by an elaborate ceremony, in person not by proxy, and was always followed by an oath of fealty. The inferior was styled the man, homager or vassal of the other, who was called his lord or seignior. Though in itself a personal engagement, it was practically always made in virtue of some tenement or service. Hence Bracton[1] defines homage as a juristic tie whereby a lord is bound to warrant and defend his tenant and whereby a tenant is bound to be faithful to his lord and to give him due

[1] *De legibus*, ii. 35, 2 (fol. 78*b*). *Cf.* Britton, iii. 4, 1; Fleta, 205.

service. It was thus of the essence of homage that it involved mutual obligations, protection and service; it was, as we would now express it, a bilateral contract.[1]

A man might do homage to different lords for different tenements. He was said to be liege lord from whom the tenant held his principal messuage or tenement or to whom he had made his first profession of homage.[2] Hence liege homage could be due to only one lord, while simple homage might be due to every lord under whom land was held. A man's primary obligation was to his liege lord.[3] If enmity or war arises between a man's lords, he must adhere to him in whose ligeance he is.[4] Bracton considers the case of a man owing fealty to both the king of England and the king of France; if war breaks out between these two, the man must serve the king to whom he owes ligeance or liege fealty.[5]

The first stage in the slow transition from the feudal régime to the modern State is the struggle between the king or duke or emperor and the lesser barons and lords for the possession of this allegiance or unconditioned fealty. The idea of personal loyalty to an immediate lord was far more living and inspiring than fidelity to a distant overlord. At first the prince could only secure an oath of fealty to himself "in the way that a man is faithful to his lord."[6] Then it was insisted that in every oath of fealty

[1] Bracton, *ibid.*, Glanvill, ix. 4.

[2] The terms *ligeance* (ligeantia, ligeitas) and *liege* (ligius) are probably derived from the Old High German *ledig*, free, and hence unconditioned, unqualified. The words have no connexion with the Latin *ligare* and *alligare*; it is from this delusive etymology that *allegiance* came to be coined.

[3] "Whatever lords anyone has or however much he holds of others, he is more bound to him whose liege he is."—*Leges Henrici Primi*, 43, 6.

"Liege fealty is the faith of a vassal to a lord without excepting anyone; he is called liege who owes entire faith to his lord against everyone."—Du Cange, *Glossarium*, s.v. ligius.

[4] Bracton, ii, 35, 5. Assises de Jerusalem (Jean d'Ibelin), 197.

[5] Bracton, v. 5, 24 (fol. 427*b*).

[6] King Edmund (circa 943)—Stubbs, *Select Charters*, 1913[9], pp 77*f*. Charlemagne in 805 forbade the taking of an oath of fidelity except to himself and a man's own seignior.—M.G.H., *Capitularia*, No. 44, §9. No decision as to priority between these two obligations.

the king should be expressly excepted.[1] But this was only slowly admitted. Even in the time of S. Louis the vassals of a mesne lord in France were in certain cases bound by law to serve their lord against the king.[2] But in England, when Glanvill wrote, it was already an established principle of law that in every oath of fealty to a subject the tenant was to except the fealty he owed to the king.

In 1086 William the Conqueror assembled all the chief landholders, whose men soever they were, and compelled them to become his men and to swear fealty to him against all persons whatever.[3] This implied that all land was to be held of the king, all landowners being bound to him by mediate or immediate homage. As the lord of the land the king was supreme judge, and thus every man who was amenable to judgment owed liege fealty to the king. Ever since the Norman Conquest the idea of land as the sign and sacrament of all relations between ruler and subject has thoroughly permeated English law. It was by monopolising the tenure of land that the English king effectually secured an exclusive right to liege fealty or allegiance. "By an easy analogy," observes Blackstone,[4] "the term of allegiance was soon brought to signify all other engagements which are due from subjects to their prince, as well as those duties which were simply and merely territorial." Hence the accepted definition of allegiance as "such natural or legal obedience which every subject owes to his prince."[5]

The result of this brief investigation may be summed up in the following quotation from a contemporary lawyer :—[6]

In English law, subjects, whether natural or alien, are those

[1] So Frederic Barbarossa in 1152 (Rahewinus, ii. 7). Glanvill, ix. 1. Bracton ii. 35, 8.

[2] *Etablissements de S. Louis*, i. 49. The French kings had for a while to abandon the attempt to insist on the insertion of these saving clauses in oaths of fidelity.—Luchaire, *Institutions monarchiques*, ii. 27.

[3] Stubbs, *Const. Hist.*, §96; *Select Charters*, 1913[9], p. 98.

[4] *Comm.*, i., 367.

[5] Stroud, *Judicial Dictionary*, 1903[2], i. 70; citing Termes de la Ley.

[6] Salmond in *Law Quarterly Review*, 18 (1902), 50.

who owe allegiance to the Crown. By allegiance is meant the feudal obligation of fidelity and obedience due from a vassal to his lord; an obligation which has as its counterpart the duty of protection and guardianship which the lord owes to his vassal. The king is the supreme feudal lord of all the people, as well as of all the land, of England. They are his men, his *fideles*, his faithful. They owe him such fealty as any vassal owes his lord, for he is their *sovereign lord* the king. In the technical phrase of feudalism they are *ad fidem regis*—in the faith of the king. The oath of allegiance is simply a variant of that oath of fealty which binds together lord and vassal in any other case.

(2). Legal Theory of Allegiance.

From about the twelfth century in his oath of fealty to a liege lord other than the king, a man promised as follows: "I will bear you faith of life and limb, saving my faith to the king and his heirs." In the oath of fealty to the king the vassal promised to bear "faith of life and limb, of body and chattels, and of earthly honour" to his "sovereign lord the king and his heirs."[1] This particular oath still survives in the homage done by temporal peers to the king at his coronation[2]: "I do become your liegeman of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of folks. So help me God."

But the fealty thus promised to the king, though it contained no explicit stipulations, was by no means absolute or unconditioned. The essence of the feudal relation between lord and vassal is its mutual obligation and contractual character. If either party glaringly broke the compact of protection and service, the other was justified in repudiating the relationship. This formal repudiation was called *diffidation*. This right was expressly conceded to the Barons in the 61st chapter of Magna Charta. Similarly Henry III began hostilities against the Earl Marshal by sending him a formal diffida-

[1] Britton, i. 31 and iii. 4. Stubbs, *Const. Hist.*, §462.

[2] Anson, *Law and Custom of the Constitution*, vol. ii., part 1 (1907[3]), p. 237.

tion through the bishop of St. Asaph; and before the battle of Lewes the king had sent his diffidation to the confederate barons. Before the deposition of Edward II Sir Wm. Trussell appeared before him as proxy for the lords and other liegemen and withdrew their allegiance. All this exemplifies the feudal view of the tie of fealty, which really persisted for two centuries after the Conquest; namely, that if a lord persistently refuses justice to his man, the bond is broken and the man may, after openly "defying" his lord, make war upon him. Kings of England, who were homagers of the kings of France, could hardly declare it to be treason for a vassal to levy war upon a king in his realm. The first to declare this was Edward III (1352), who, being in his own eyes king of France, owed homage to nobody.

This was the first step in the evolution of allegiance from its feudal meaning of a bilateral compact to its exaggeration into passive obedience under the Tudors and Stuarts who claimed to reign by divine right. It was under these monarchs too that the oath of allegiance came to be imposed by statute and to be combined with oaths of abjuration and supremacy. The first statutory oath was imposed in 1534 by an Act which validated Henry VIII's marriage with Anne Boleyn and enacted that all adult subjects should swear to observe the contents of the Act. The following oath was then imposed and was authorized by statute in the next session (26 Henry VIII, c. 2):—

> You shall swear to bear faith, truth and obedience alonely to the King's Majesty and to his heirs of his body of his most dear and entirely beloved lawful wife Queen Anne, begotten or to be begotten. . . . So help you God, all Saints and the holy Evengelists.

Within two years the name of Jane had to be substituted for Anne; and shortly afterwards the oath of abjuration was added. There is no need to follow the tedious history of these oaths of allegiance for three hundred years. These post-Reformation oaths are redolent of the divine right of kings until 1688; they were

designed against the Pope, against the People, against the Pretender; and until 1829 they were couched in such erroneous and offensive language that no Catholic could subscribe to them. The Promissory Oaths Acts of 1868 and 1871 not only abolished an enormous number of oaths to be taken on the most petty occasions, but reduced the oath of allegiance to its present form :—

I do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty, his heirs and successors, according to law. So help me God.

It is important to note that these statutory oaths of allegiance from 1534 to 1688 (with the exception of the Interregnum) were based on a definite religious and political theory, which attributed to the monarch supreme ecclesiastical jurisdiction and a divine right to reign irrespective of the consent of the people. It was during this period, too, that the court lawyers developed the legal theory of kingship which is still solemnly repeated in the text-books. Elizabeth told her Parliament that they "ought not to deal, to judge, or to meddle with her prerogative royal."[1] "As it is atheism and blasphemy in a creature to dispute what the Deity may do," said James I,[2] "so it is presumption and sedition in a subject to dispute what the king may do in the height of his power." Blackstone pictures the king as sole landowner, absolutely perfect and immortal, ubiquitous, irresistible.[3] And even in the latest edition of a famous commentary we are told :—[4]

The law ascribes to the king, in his high political character, not only large powers and emoluments which form his prerogative and revenue, but likewise certain attributes of a great and transcendent nature; by which the people are led to consider him in the light of a superior being, and to pay him that awful respect which may enable him with greater ease to carry on the business of government.

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[1] D'Ewes, *Journal*, 645.

[2] *King James's Works*, 531, 757.

[3] Commentaries, i. 246, 249, 251, 270; ii. 415.

[4] *Stephen's New Commentaries on the Laws of England*, ed. Jenks, 1914[16], ii. 593.

Thus it is that every executive action from the arrest of a thief to a declaration of war is done in the name of the king. His image is on every coin, his monogram on every mailcart. The so-called Houses of Parliament are but His Majesty's Palace at Westminster; the Cabinet is merely His Majesty's servants. Peers promise to be his "liegemen of life and limb"; and as a qualification for high office or ordination men swear to be "faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty." And so with the help of this "awful respect" the king is able "to carry on the business of government."

It is but a corollary of this legal theory of kingship that men are not citizens but subjects. Citizens are bound to one another by the personal bond of common membership of one State; subjects are bound, not to one another, but to a common superior who holds them in subjection. The notion of the State as an incorporate community, as a body politic of which men can be members or citizens, is to this day unknown to English law. Except in a narrow municipal sense there is no authority in common or statute law for the use of the term "citizen"; the correct designation is "British subject." The nation, the aggregate of subjects of the Crown, has no recognised legal identity or personality. The sole political bond admitted in English legal theory is that of allegiance to a personal king.

(3). Constitutional Transformation of Allegiance.

This entire legal theory is, of course, utterly at variance with patent constitutional facts. The growth and consequences of this contradiction must now be briefly traced.

While legal phraseology and ceremonial formularies have retained their ancient mould, the underlying realities have undergone a radical change. Doubtless even the official vocabulary will eventually have to be accommodated to the political realities. As a matter of fact this accommodation has already taken place in several important particulars; and with the recent rapid con-

stitutional development of the British Empire the discarding of outworn formalities is likely to be completed. One of the earliest changes concerned the meaning and law of treason. It was only in his character of lord that the person of an Anglo-Saxon king was inviolable.[1] The law of treason was originally founded on the allegiance or fealty due to a chief or lord by his men or companions; when first introduced, it gave no greater protection to the king than to the meanest chief in his dominions. Petty treason against a lord was but slowly marked off from high treason against a king. The statute of 1352 recognised that treason against anyone but the king is always petty, and exists only where a servant kills his master or a wife her husband or a clerk his prelate: crimes which since 1828 are deemed murder. Even this statute of Edward III did not rise to the conception of a crime against the State. "The King, not the Crown in Parliament or the State as embodied in the existing constitution, is the object which the statute designs to protect," says Sir W. Anson.[2] "The king's person, the king's sovereignty, the king's family relations, the indicia of the royal will in administration (the seals), the representatives of the royal will in judicature (the chancellor and judges), the privileges of royalty (the coinage): these are what a feudal society thought it treason to infringe." Afterwards this idea of treason was extended by judicial construction to action against the State; an extension to which statutory force was not given until 1795.

Even now treason is not formally recognised in English law as crime against the State, for the State is an entity unknown to the law. But the reality is admitted under the guise of crime against the Crown—*i.e.*, against the king in his politic or regal capacity. This distinction between

[1] "If anyone plot against the king's life . . . let him be liable in his life and in all that he has. . . . He who plots against his lord's life, let him be liable in his life to him and in all that he has."—Alfred, cap. 4: Stubbs, *Select Charters*, 1913[9], p. 70.

[2] Anson, *op. cit.*, ii., part 1, p. 243.

the natural and politic person of the king was only very gradually acknowledged, and served to conceal a fundamental change in the meaning of allegiance. In Calvin's Case (1606),[1] Chief Justice Popham, Sir Edward Coke and Chief Baron Fleming held that allegiance is "tied to the body natural of the king and not to his body politic." Hence a man born in Scotland after the accession of James to the English throne was declared to be a natural-born subject having at common law the capacity to hold land in England. The judges upheld the feudal concept of allegiance as "the mutual bond and obligation between the king and his subjects, whereby subjects are called his liege subjects because they are bound to obey and serve him, and he is called their liege lord because he should maintain and defend them." It was not really until 1886, in the case of Isaacson *v.* Durant,[2] that a new conception of allegiance was judicially recorded. It was here decided that, during the union of the crowns of England and Hanover, Englishmen and Hanoverians were not in all respects natural-born subjects but only not-aliens. Hanoverians owed allegiance to the King of England only in so far as he was King of Hanover; hence such allegiance followed Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, when according to Hanoverian law he succeeded to the throne of Honover. Already indeed several statutes—1 Geo. I, st. 2, c. 4; 4 Geo. II, c. 21; 13 Geo. III, c. 21—had spoken of the Crown instead of the Sovereign, "thereby recognising that it was to the king in his politic and not in his personal capacity that allegiance was due."[3]

But if this is so, the entire meaning of allegiance has been changed; it has become a mere metaphor. A personal living intimate mutual relationship can be established with a person; but not with a man in a purely official

[1] *State Trials*, ii. 566 *ff.* Coke, *Reports*, vii. 1.

[2] *Queen's Bench Division*, xvii. 54. See Pitt Cobbett, *Cases and Opinions on Internat. Law*, Part I. (1909[3]), pp. 170 *ff.*

[3] Cobbett, *op. cit.*, p. 172.

capacity. For to speak of a man in an official capacity is just another way of referring to an office represented by a man. And one cannot be the liegeman of an office or institution. With strict propriety of meaning, allegiance to the king must mean allegiance or liege-homage to the man who is king; just as marriage with a baker means marriage with a man who happens to be a baker. If, then, allegiance is directed to an institution, not to a person, the word has acquired a new meaning. "It was once, no doubt, a personal tie, binding two individuals by mutual assurance of fidelity and protection. It is now a test of citizenship, a mode of ascertaining to what country a man belongs." This is the change involved in the abandonment of the idea of treason as a breach of the feudal tie which binds the man to his lord. "We now regard treason as an offence not so much against the person of the king as against the constitution of the State which he represents; and allegiance as a test of nationality rather than an assurance of loyalty to an individual."[1]

This conclusion suggests the query: If allegiance is nothing but the mode of ascertaining a man's State, why does it continue in the form of an asseveration of personal loyalty? Is there any further significance in or justification for the oath of allegiance?

However interpreted, the oath involves no new obligation; though by statute it is a condition for the fulfilment of certain offices. "The taking of the statutory oath does not add to the natural duty of a British subject, who is in all cases bound as though he had taken the oath."[2]

[1] Anson, *op. cit.*, vol. ii., part 1 (1907[3]), pp. 238*f*, 4. *Cf.* Wheaton, *Elements of International Law* (ed. Coleman Phillipson, 1916), p. 242: "Allegiance is a term synonymous with national character. By it is understood the obligations of fidelity and obedience which an individual owes to the State whose national character he bears." Cobbett, *op. cit.*, p. 173: "Constitutionally the use of the term 'British subject,' although sanctioned by tradition, is not without its difficulties. It denotes strictly a personal subjection to the King (who is only titular Sovereign), which has long since been replaced by subjection to the legal sovereignty of Parliament, or technically perhaps the King in Parliament."

[2] Halsbury's *Laws of England*, vi. 342 (§487).

The contemporary remnant of the once formidable objurgations, anathemas and promises contained in the oath of allegiance has no moral or juridical consequences whatever.

What the substance of the oath as thus reduced may amount to [writes Sir Frederick Pollock[1]] would not be a very profitable question to discuss at large. It certainly does not promise anything beyond what is at common law the duty of every subject; and it seems to follow that it could not be broken except by some act which was otherwise an offence at common law. . . . Such is the bare residue of the formidable and elaborate fabric of oaths and declarations raised up by parliaments of former generations against the Pope and the Pretender. We say against the Pope and the Pretender; for our modern oaths of allegiance are of statutory devising and date from Henry VIII's assertion of the Crown's ecclesiastical supremacy as against the See of Rome.

Men still swear that they will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their sovereign lord the King [says Sir F. Piggott, Chief Justice of Hong Kong[2]]. The consequences of allegiance are difficult to state. The Statute Book itself is the Statute of Allegiance; and statutory obedience has taken the place of that unwritten bond which tied the subject to his sovereign. . . . The primitive idea which nationality involved, obedience to the Sovereign, was suited to the times when men lived more at home, when intercourse and commerce with the outer world were difficult and tedious. Quite in keeping with that idea were the writs forbidding departure from, and of recall to, the realm; but the first has become a statutory writ and the last has passed out of mind. All other obedience to the King has changed to obedience to Acts of Parliament. . . . Parliament has replaced the Sovereign in his relations with his subjects.

From which one might infer that an oath of allegiance, if taken at all, should be taken to Parliament or to the Constitution, as is done in America in these words:—[3]

I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the

[1] *Essays in Jurisprudence and Ethics*, 1882, p. 177.

[2] *Nationality*, 1901, i., pp. 1*f*.

[3] *House Manual*, 1919, p. 68; Hinds, *Precedents*, 1907, i. 84 (§128). *Cf.* Constitution, art. 6.

same ; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion ; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God.

Yet this oath, too, must be regarded as an unmeaning relic of feudalism. For it imposes no obligation which did not exist prior to the oath and independently of it. Whereas the feudal oath of allegiance[1] constituted an obligation which in the absence of the oath was entirely non-existent. The feudal oath was a fundamental constituent act, making a man a subject. The modern oath, even if explicitly directed to the State, is the product of positive legislation ; it applies only to one who is already a subject and who is therefore already under the obligations which the oath professes to impose. Even the plea that the State invokes a religious sanction by means of the oath must be disallowed. Not only is the modern State incompetent to invoke the aid of religion, but the Oaths Act of 1888 and analogous legislation in every other country concede the right of affirmation instead of swearing. The action of France in abolishing all political oaths must therefore be regarded as the logical attitude of a modern State.[2]

The oath of allegiance is thus not only antiquated in form but politically ineffective and juridically innocuous. Its survival can be explained only by reference to English political psychology. "We know," says Maitland,[3] "that as a matter of fact our present kingship is radically different from the kingship of the fifteenth century. But law has done little to take away powers from the King. When we have insured by indirect methods that such powers shall not be exercised without the approval of

[1] A striking survival of this idea occurred in the action of Stephen in 1136. He spared the garrison of Exeter on the ground (urged by them) that they had never sworn fealty to him but were the men of Baldwin de Redvers.—*Gesta Stephani*, 27 ; Henry of Huntingdon, 257.

[2] Const. law of 5 Sept., 1870 : Rivière, *Lois usuelles*, Paris, 1879², p. 597.

[3] *Const. Hist. of England*, 1909, p. 342.

Parliament, we have considered that enough has been done; we have not cared to pass a statute saying in so many words that such powers have ceased to exist." The legally valid powers of the King are constitutionally invalid; and they are left in this shadowy state of formal existence instead of being swept away, because their nominal recognition has social and psychological effects useful to the politicians. On any scientific classification England would rank as a republic; but its true character is adroitly disguised for reasons which have been acutely analysed by Bagehot and other writers. "The monarchic form," says a French observer,[1] "is like an old-established and respected firm, which in no way incommodes its partners, who by reason of its inoffensive prestige are deterred from urging a speedy liquidation." The nominal monarchy is, in fact, used to retain feudal emotions for the service of a modern republican State. The King does everything, we are told; then *sotto voce*—through his Ministers. The oath of allegiance is taken to "his Majesty," who is constitutionally precluded from availing of it; it contains no reference to the Prime Minister, for whom the King is merely a ceremonial circumlocution. "The English Monarchy," wrote Bagehot,[2] "strengthens our government with the strength of religion. It is not easy to say why it should be so. Every instructed theologian would say that it was the duty of a person born under a republic as much to obey that republic as it is the duty of one born under a monarchy to obey that monarch. But the mass of the English people do not think so. *They agree with the oath of allegiance.* They say it is their duty to obey the Queen, and they have but hazy notions as to obeying laws without a queen." A plain admission that the utility of the oath of allegiance is its widespread misinterpretation. Which raises interesting problems. How far is it just and lawful for politicians to adopt the disguise

[1] Boutmy, *The English People*, 1904, p. 191.

[2] *The English Constitution*, 1872[2], p. 39.

of the "Crown" and to impose on oath what is literally false and what is generally misinterpreted? And how long will the political consciousness of English democracy take to develop sufficiently to realize that this phraseology of personal allegiance, with its rather irreverent confirmation on oath, is merely a subjective and unnecessary emotion with no political or juridical consequences?

(4). Disruption of the Crown.

With the development of the British Empire the old theory that the King had "two bodies" or "two capacities" but only "one person"[1] has had to be replaced by the still subtler theory that the King possessed a multiple personality. The necessity for this new subtlety became first apparent in the case of the federal Dominions. As an example of the unreal fictions and circumlocutions involved in the older view, consider the case of the Attorney-General of British Columbia *v.* the Attorney-General of Canada (1888-9). The case was stated as follows:—"The A.-G. of Canada alleges, and the A.-G. of British Columbia denies, that the precious metals in, upon and under the public lands mentioned in section two of the Columbian Act are vested in the Crown as represented by the Government of Canada and not as represented by the Government of British Columbia." And the decision of the Privy Council was:—"The precious metals within the railway belt are vested in the Crown, subject to the control and disposal of the Government of British Columbia."[2] That the Crown should represent the Government of Canada is intelligible; but that the Government of Canada should represent the Crown is sheer nonsense. And if it is admitted that the Crown can be "represented" by the Government of Canada and that Crown property can be "subject to the control and disposal" of the Government of British

[1] Coke in Calvin's Case: *Reports*, vii. 1, p. 10*a*.

[2] Law Reports, Appeal Cases, 14 (1889) 295, 306.

Columbia, then is not the personality of Canada and Columbia as clearly acknowledged as if all reference to the Crown had been omitted ?

Some years later the decision in an Australian case brought out clearly the absurd anachronism of the English theory of the Crown. In the case of the Attorney-General *v.* the Collector of Customs, the Supreme Court of New South Wales decided that goods imported by the State Government, or purchased by it while still in bond, were not liable to pay customs duty to the Commonwealth.[1] This curious conclusion was based on the English legal identity of King and State—the revenue of both the Commonwealth and its component States was merely a grant to the King. Now obviously the Commonwealth of Australia and the States are distinct entities ; their properties and revenues are administered and controlled by different executive bodies responsible to distinct legislatures ; and there exists between them that antagonism of legal right and political authority which is inevitable in a federal polity. Yet all such mutual legal rights and obligations are swept away in virtue of the alleged universal ownership of the English King !

A metaphysical pedantry which sharpens the wits of lawyers without leading to any practical results may be tolerated. But when it becomes a nuisance and affects real life, it has to be rendered innocuous by a further dose of metaphysics. The vocabulary, of course, is retained ; when all else is gone, the English legal mind retains the word. A procedure which is very convenient to the Australian and Canadian mind ; a republic is cheap at the price of a little crown phraseology. The Chief Justice of Australia has declared : " It is manifest from the whole scope of the Constitution that just as the Commonwealth and State are regarded as distinct and separate sovereign bodies. . . . so the Crown as representing these several bodies is to be regarded not as one but as several juristic

[1] Cobbett, *Commonwealth Law Review*, I. (1903), 23.

persons."[1] Dominion legislation has now gone even further than this decision. The Commonwealth and States of Australia are now recognised as distinct persons capable of suing and of being sued in their own names.

The unreality and clumsiness of the Crown theory, which became apparent in the internal relations of the federal Dominions, are far more evident in the mutual relations of England and the Dominions. It has become necessary to pluralize the personality of the Crown; that is, in plain language, to regard each component State of the British Commonwealth of Nations as a distinct sovereign person—but to call all these juristic or international entities by the same name, "the Crown."

> Although the King [writes Sir John Salmond[2]] represents the whole Empire, it is possible for the law to recognise a different personality in him in respect of each of its component parts. The King who owns the public land in New Zealand is not necessarily in the eye of the law the same person who owns the public lands in England. The King, when he borrows money in his capacity as the executive government of Australia, may be deemed in law a different person from the King who owes the English national debt.

"The Crown," declared Sir Robert Borden on behalf of the Dominions,[3] "is the supreme executive in the United Kingdom and in all the Dominions; but it acts on the advice of different ministries within different constitutional units." This contention is in practice, of course, conceded. But in theory this multiple personality of the Crown is not yet formally admitted by England; *theoretically* the King still acts on the advice of only his *English* Ministers.[4] This discrepancy, however harmless, between

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[1] Municipal Council of Sydney *v.* Commonwealth: *Comm. Law Reports*, i. 231.

[2] *Jurisprudence*, 1920§, [6]119, p. 297.

[3] Memorandum circulated on behalf of the Dominion Prime Ministers, 12 March, 1919: *Canada Sessional Papers*, 1919, No. 41*j*, p. 6.

[4] An amusing example of this principle is to be found in the proceedings of the Imperial Conference of 1921. Mr. Lloyd George joined with the other Prime Ministers in presenting an address to the King; doubtless as chairman he drafted the address. The king sent a reply; but the reply was also, in accordance with constitutional usage, drafted by Mr. Lloyd George!

theory and practice cannot continue indefinitely. And when once the plural personality of the Crown is formally and explicitly recognised, its utter unworkableness—how could a constitutional monarch be subject to the separate advice of nearly a dozen independent Cabinets scattered over the globe ?—will be at once apparent ; as has already been found in the federal politics of Australia.

Meanwhile the Dominions, which have found the Crown a convenient disguise under which to assert and consolidate their independence, are in no hurry to clear up the mess. Mr. Hughes, for instance, while profuse in his protestations of loyalty to the " Crown," can also assert the unqualified independence of Australia :—

> What could the Dominions do as independent nations [he asks [1]] that they cannot do now? What limitation is now imposed upon them ? What can they not do, even to encompass their own destruction by sundering the bonds that bind them to the Empire ? What yet do they lack ? Canada has asserted her right to make treaties ; she has made treaties. She is asserting her right to appoint an ambassador at Washington. Are these the marks of slave States or quasi-sovereignty ? In what essential thing does any one of the great self-governing Dominions differ from independent nations ?

Thus there is no general desire to tear away this convenient disguise of the pluralized Crown. The Dominions do not want to admit that they cannot eat their cake and have it. England is loath to part with a figurative monopoly which is the alternative to nothing. But in the near future realities will have to be faced. Foreign States, with which the Dominions are now in direct contact, are increasingly aware of the anomalies of Dominion status. It needs only the advent of a really self-conscious, historically and culturally independent nation to dissipate finally the hypocritical cant of " allegiance " and the anomalous pedantry of the " Crown."

ALFRED O'RAHILLY.

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[1] Imperial Conference, 1921 : Cmd. 1474, p. 22.

THE BALTIC STATES FROM AN IRISH POINT OF VIEW.

BY FRANCIS MCCULLAGH,

Moscow Correspondent of the *New York Herald.*

II.—ESTHONIA.[1]

BEFORE dealing with the peoples of the Baltic States, I should like to add a few words to the account I gave in my last article of the Baltic Barons. Those words will be in favour of the Barons, for few ascendancies are wholly bad. The Barons were not absentee landlords, and most of them would in America be called simply "large farmers." They were, like most Germans, persevering and scientific agriculturists; and many of them established factories and did everything they could to develop the natural resources and the foreign commerce of the Baltic lands. The ablest business man and industrial magnate whom I have met in Esthonia is Mr. Martin Luther, a Baltdeutscher; and on the baronial estates where I have been a guest I could not but admire the good points in the proud feudal traditions of the Baltic aristocracy. It cannot be denied that in some respects this pride of family is better than the pride of the peasant. The noble is generally a patron of literature, the arts and the sciences, while the peasant, even when well off, is perhaps inclined to be more materialistic. In some of the baronial castles there are valuable collections of pictures, and three or four of the leading European languages were always spoken. Some of the Baltdeutschers did excellent work at the study of the native languages. Dr. A. Bielenstein, a German Balt, devoted

[1] For Part I., "The Baltic Barons," see March issue.

his whole life to the study of Lettish, and his great work, *Die Lettische Sprache*, which was crowned by the St. Petersburg Academy of Science, was formerly one of the best works on the Indo-European languages. A few of the Barons were Catholic: among such I might mention Baron Benckendorff, the last Russian ambassador to the Court of St. James, and Bishop Baron Ropp, who was a member of the First Duma and a man of liberal sympathies.

From what I have already said of the Baltic Baron, the Irish reader will understand the tendency of the native races here to get rid of him root and branch, even if, by doing so, they deprive themselves of capable financiers, administrators and diplomatists. Nevertheless, I think that the Ests, Letts and Lithuanians would be acting wisely if they treated the Baltdeutschers with as much leniency as is compatible with the national security. It may be objected that, if the Barons are allowed to retain any large portion of their estates, they will gradually buy back all the land they have lost and regain their old position of predominance; but the Esthonian farmer is too thrifty, too good a farmer, and too fond of his farm for this to happen. The presence of German agriculturists in the country will excite a wholesome emulation, for they are exceedingly good agriculturists. Even the Bulgarians, when they shook off the Turkish yoke, allowed many of the Turks to remain, and they do not regret it. My advice to the Baltic peoples would be to return good for evil, to wipe out all memories of the past, and to utilise in the building up of their young republics the solid material of which the German colonists are undoubtedly composed. In all these new countries there is a great lack of experienced public servants; and the Baltic republics should keep the German diplomatists and administrators till their own people have learned from them everything they have to impart, by which time those Baltdeutschers and their children may have thoroughly identified them-

selves, racially, with their employers. This is all the more likely to happen as most of the Baltdeutschers feel themselves at home here, and not at all at home in Berlin, where they are scoffed at as "Russians," just as Anglo-Irishmen, who fancy that they are more English than the English themselves, sometimes find themselves criticized, at Oxford, for their Irish accent and their Irish ways.

As a matter of fact there was a Baltdeutscher in the Riga Government last year; and another Baltdeutscher was invited several times to enter the Esthonian Government, but refused on account of his objection to the Agrarian Law. An Esthonian Baltdeutscher will, however, be a member of the delegation which Estland is to send to the Conference at Genoa; and probably in a few years' time the Baltdeutschers, both in Lettland and in Estland, will be working loyally with the natives of those countries.

Such is my sincere hope; but, from all I have seen, I should say that the Baltic Barons will never forgive their ex-serfs, and will never submit cheerfully to the appalling degradation, as the Barons look on it, of sitting in the same legislature as their former bondsmen. "They never pardon who have done the wrong." Hatred of the "native" is in the marrow of their bones; and the glory of having been the foremost generals and bureaucrats of a great empire will make it impossible for them to devote their attention to the affairs of a small republic. The Baltic peoples have accordingly gone on the principle that the poison of the ascendancy spirit is incurable; and they have therefore broken the ascendancy with a sledge-hammer. They have confiscated their estates, and made it impossible for them to remain in the country as German subjects, for no foreign subject can hold land in the Baltic republics, and no foreigner can live there without permission (which is not given to malcontent Balts) and without the payment of a special tax. Neither the Ests

nor the Letts nor the Lithuanians believe in granting autonomy to the ex-ascendancy in any part of their territory. To do so would, in their opinion, be madness ; for it would be setting up an *imperium in imperio*, whose entire business would be to intrigue against them, to cultivate the old race-hatred, to bring about intervention from outside, to restore the old state of things, and to ruin their national development. It is no use pointing out what has happened in Canada and South Africa. "Conditions in those new countries," say the Letts and Ests, "are altogether different to what they are here. If we grant special privileges to the Balts, they will certainly show their gratitude by bringing in, sooner or later, the soldiers of a future Kaiser or the Cossacks of a future Tzar. Besides, it would be unjust to give the ex-ascendancy any special privileges ; and any arrangement based on injustice is certain to collapse. Our republics are indivisible units wherein every man and woman has a vote ; and it would be preposterous for us to allow any section of the community which is outvoted to retire into a sort of barbed-wire enclosure where they can have everything their own way. A State is not like a set of watertight compartments in which powerful chemicals are compressed until they all explode : it is a vessel, open to the free air of heaven, in which divers elements act and react on one another, and in which any poison-gas that may happen to be generated in the process is dissipated in the wide atmosphere."

Such is the view of all the Baltic leaders I have met. In their opinion, the partition of Ireland shows neither statesmanship nor commonsense ; and the handing over of Tyrone and Fermanagh to the Belfast Parliament, though a majority of the population in those counties do not recognise that Parliament, simply because Lord Carson claimed those two districts, is flagrantly unjust. "If the Orangemen," said one Esthonian to me, "are too proud to sit alongside deputies from other parts of

Ireland in a Dublin Parliament, let them leave Ireland, after having received suitable compensation. The evil of the Plantation of Ulster can be undone by the Transplantation of Ulster. But you will find, when it comes to the pinch, that very few Orangemen will actually leave; for they are simply spoilt children, threatening things which they will never do."

Having thus glanced at the future, and devoted much space to the past, it is time that I say something of the present. The Esthonian republic takes in all the territory occupied by the Esthonians, so that the new State starts without an Ulster or an Esthonia Irredenta. A considerable part of the country consists of islands, there being more than ninety islands situated within its boundaries. The total area is 46,147 sq. km., and the islands cover 4,972·3 km. The inhabitants number 1,044,725, or about 22·6 to a sq. km.; 90 per cent. of the inhabitants are Ests, the remaining 10 per cent. being made up of Baltic Germans, Russians, Swedes, Letts, Jews, and people belonging to other nationalities. The Swedish minority is concentrated in the north-west group of islands, but they never agitated for annexation to Sweden, or even for autonomy. In the same way the Catholic province of Lattgallia in Latvia never objected to inclusion in Lutheran Latvia; and though in the Esthonian territory east of the Narova river and in the Petseri district there is a high percentage of Russians belonging to the Orthodox Church, Lenin never made an "Ulster" question of them, and they are now Esthonian citizens. The only approach to the Belfast point of view which is to be found in this part of the world is in Vilna, where, however, religion does not enter into the dispute at all, and where Great Britain shows scant sympathy to General Zeligovsky, the local Carson.

Owing to the war and the political situation, commerce in Esthonia was distinctly bad two years ago; but foreign trade is now growing, and would be very large if

Russia were in a normal state. As it is, Esthonia can despatch sixty trains a day to Russia, but Russia cannot deal with more than thirty a day. Ireland starts her Free State under favourable economic conditions, as compared at least with Esthonia, which had been ravaged by retreating Russians, Germans, and Bolsheviks. The native industries were so injured during the war that machinery as well as various foodstuffs and raw materials are imported from abroad. The exports are chiefly raw and semi-manufactured materials, such as wood, wood pulp, paper, flax, potatoes and spirits. So many potatoes are grown in Esthonia that unfriendly Baltdeutscher critics sometimes describe that country as "the potato republic"; and I have even heard Esthonian patriots admit, laughingly, that a potato would be a more suitable national crest than the eagle which has been selected by the heraldic experts. From these potatoes alcohol is distilled in vast quantities; and, in consequence of the Government monopoly, this alcohol yields a considerable revenue. Too much of it, probably, is used locally as a stimulant; but with the increased use of alcohol as a motive power in factories, both Esthonia and Ireland may be glad in future that they possess such a large supply of this spirit. All the mineral wealth of the country is Government property, and also all the railways, docks, and forests; and the same remark applies to Latvia and Lithuania. Judging, however, from results, it would be better, I think, if there were more private ownership.

The oil-shale, of which Estland contains a practically unlimited supply, is a valuable fuel; and British, German, and American concessionnaires are already competing for it, so that it may prove to be a source of great national wealth. The shale works of the Government are less successful, however, than those in private hands. The peat bogs in the north and west cover an area of 1,690 sq. miles, and supply excellent turf, which differs from Irish turf in being tightly compressed, owing to treatment

in pressing machines manufactured in Germany and first invented by a Baltdeutscher Baron.

Like Ireland, Esthonia is mainly an agricultural country. The great estates of the nobility have been, most of them, expropriated by the State and divided up amongst peasants who had no land or very little, and among soldiers. Some of the estates are being managed by the Government, but not managed so well as they were formerly; and some have been rented from the Government by their former owners. Among the latter is the excellent estate of Baron Girard at Kunda, which was spared because the enterprising owner had established on it, previous to the war, a cement factory which is almost of national importance, and which could not be kept running if it had not the estate behind it. I might add that shale is the only fuel used in these works.

Esthonia, like all the other Baltic States, is rich in forests, and wood takes the first place in the export trade. The trade with Russia will probably be very important. In accordance with the Peace Treaty, a railway will connect Reval with Moscow, and this railway will be shorter than the present Riga-Moscow line. At present Latvia derives an advantage from her direct communication with the Russian capital and from her possession of an ice-free port at Libau. Finland has not only an ice-free port at Hango, but also a Free Port, specially constructed for the convenience of the Russian transit trade; but when Russia has recuperated, that trade will be so enormous that all the Baltic States will have as much to do as they can manage. The harbour of Reval, which is free of ice for the greater portion of the year, is even now of the greatest importance for this Russian transit trade; but the Esthonian Government is at present building a new ice-free port (which will also be a Free Port) at Baltic Port; and Libau will also be made a Free Port.

The financial position of Esthonia was very difficult at first, but has greatly improved during the last year.

The Budget of 1921 shows a deficit which is much smaller than that of the year before; and a Russian financial expert, formerly a Finance Minister of the Tzar, is now effecting improvements which will practically stabilize the exchange.

As for the nature of the Government, it is an independent republic with a Parliament (Riigikogu) of one hundred members, men and women, elected by universal, direct, equal and secret voting on a proportional basis. Of these 100 members, 22 belong to the Labour Party, 21 to the Farmers' Association, 17 to the Social Democrats, 12 to the Independent Socialist Workmen's Party, 10 to the Esthonian National Party, 7 to the Christian National Party, 5 to the Communist Party, 4 to the Baltic German Party, one to the Economic Association, and one to the Russian National Party. The present Prime Minister, Mr. Constantine Päts, who is also the head of the republic, belongs to the Farmers' Party, and the Government is supported by a coalition composed of Labour, Nationalists, Christian Nationalists and members of the Farmers' Union and the Economic Association. Under the Esthonian Constitution the Premier is the President of the Republic, or "State Elder," as he is called; and the Government consists of the Premier and his Cabinet, who all derive their powers from Parliament and are dependent on a Parliamentary majority. Every law passed by Parliament can be held up for two months if one-third of the M.P.'s so desire; and if during these two months at least 25,000 voters demand a plebiscite on this law, that plebiscite must be held. The same number of citizens have the right to demand that a law be issued, altered, or annulled and the right to submit a ready-made law of their own to Parliament; but it depends on the Riigikogu whether this be done or not.

And now I shall say something of the Agrarian Law which has been passed in Esthonia, and which resembles the Agrarian Law passed last year in Latvia and the

Agrarian Law passed this year by Lithuania, save that the Latvian law is harder on the landlords, while the Lithuanian law is less hard and has not yet been carried out.

Esthonia is essentially an agricultural country. Before the war she produced much grain, and, like the other Baltic States, imported much more from Russia. The Agrarian Law, which was drawn up in the summer of 1919, and which came into operation in April, 1920, was, like the similar measures in Latvia and Lithuania, a political as well as an economic measure. Many of the Baltic Barons had fought against the native Governments till the last; and, even when they were beaten, went to Berlin and Stockholm in order to plot against the young republics. Many of those Die-Hards who remained behind had as much contempt for the "natives" as ever, and would have been an element of danger if allowed to retain their former strength. Besides, the blast of Bolshevism which came across the frontier had to be counteracted; and, rightly or wrongly, the Baltic Governments thought that the best way to counteract it would be by dividing up the larger estates among the peasants and soldiers. One of the Baltdeutschers has confessed to me that if this had not been done, the Esthonian and Latvian communists would certainly have gained over the army and overthrown the republics. In 1919, he said, it was dangerous to walk along the streets of Reval at night owing to the discontented and undisciplined soldiery: to-day the streets of Reval are as safe as those of London. A nation of contented peasants cannot become Bolshevik, and the three Baltic States are now peasant-republics.

Not that mistakes were not made by the new Governments—mistakes which I shall not try to hide. The land for the soldiers was got by the confiscation of all estates having the status of "Rittergut" (noblemen's estates), of which there were about one thousand in Esthonia. Of these, some 700 have already been sub-divided, and the

previous owners have not received any compensation. It is said that a majority in the present Cabinet, realising that their agrarian policy has not been so successful as they expected, would be glad to postpone indefinitely the sub-division of the remaining estates, but have been obliged to promise, as the price of the support of the Labour Party in the Coalition, that the division of land will be completed within the next two years.

The "Rittergueter" consisted of forest and arable land, and both have been taken over by the estate, the land being divided among the people, while the forests have been kept by the State and worked by a heavily-staffed Forestry Department, which gets less profit out of the forests than did the former owners.

Rather more than one-third of the arable land in Esthonia belonged to small proprietors who had acquired it by purchase from the landlords; and this land, which is not affected by the Agrarian Law, constitutes, along with the remaining undivided estates, the mainstay of Esthonian agriculture. The cultivation of the small holdings given under the Agrarian Law has not been very successful: I am told that already some 1,300 small holders, *i.e.*, about 12 per cent. of those who have received land have now, after one year's tenancy, returned the land to the State. There are two reasons for this:— (1) The great majority of those who took land were young soldiers without capital, live stock, agricultural implements, and probably with a good deal of that restlessness which makes the average ex-soldier a bad farmer, no matter what race he belongs to; (2) The inability of the State to give adequate assistance to its tenants, owing to the country having been plundered thrice during the last half-a-dozen years by retreating Russian Imperialists, retreating Germans, and retreating Russian Bolsheviks.

In the budget for the present year the revenue from all State forests, houses, lands, etc., is estimated at about 575 million marks, while the expenses of the Ministry

of Agriculture are estimated at 340 million marks. The net profit is, therefore, only 235 millions (*i.e.*, £156,666), about one-tenth of the revenue obtained by the former proprietors from the forests alone. This is without any allowance for compensation to former owners or for depreciation. It should be borne in mind, however, that the above comparison is hardly fair, as it is between the profit gained by the landlords in peace times and the profit gained by their successors after a great war; but I am inclined to think, nevertheless, that in all the Baltic States there is too much Government interference with work that should be left to private initiative. The Esthonian Press, and especially the Socialist newspapers, see this and are beginning to write about the bad conditions of the smallholders or "colonists"; and some newspapers maintain that the only solution of the land question would be the formation of large farms worked by communities. It would appear that some form of centralization is the only possible remedy; and as the experiment of communistic farms would probably fail, and there is no hope of the centres of the old estates being given back to their former owners (another suggested solution), the one practical remedy appears to be the development of a method of centralization which has already begun unobtrusively in certain districts.

That method is the gradual formation of large farms around the nucleus of the pre-war peasant farms; for as the Esthonian peasant is industrious and loves his land, there is little doubt that, given the right conditions, Esthonian agriculture would develop successfully. Perhaps co-operation, as it is practised by the Belgian farmers, would be another way out of the present difficulties; but these difficulties are temporary and caused very largely by the late war and the abnormal state in which it has left all eastern and north-eastern Europe. I lived for some time last summer on a farm in a remote part of Esthonia, and the one fact which then struck me most

was the injury which has been done to the Esthonian farmer by the economic collapse of Russia. Crops for which, before the war, he would find a ready market in Petrograd are not worth growing now; and labour has become so scarce, owing to former labourers getting farms of their own, that on the farm where I lived runaway Russian soldiers were employed. On an estate which I recently visited in Lithuania I heard the same complaints about the sealing-up of Russia; and I must add that, among such of the old landlords as still remain in the Baltic States, productive work has almost ceased owing to fear of confiscation. This fear, and the great feeling of insecurity which it has produced among a still important class of the population, are bad for the financial, industrial, and commercial development of the new countries.

Before I leave the subject of Estland, I should like to say something of its intellectual awakening during the last few years. The great University of Dorpat is now completely Esthonian; and its very valuable library, which had been carried off by the Bolsheviks, has now been restored, and is housed in the ancient Catholic Cathedral. The Esthonian Archaeological Society of Dorpat is busy adding to the voluminous tomes of its "Transactions," which include some very interesting papers showing that a Celtic race inhabited Esthonia before the Ests. This subject has been dealt with by Professor Dr. Friedrich Kruse (*Ur-Geschichte des esthnischen Volksstammes*, Moscow, 1846) and also by J. L. Parrot, who published a book on the same question at Stuttgart in 1828. Both these writers give a long list of Celtic words which are now used by the Esthonians; and the old cromlechs and cairns which I have seen near Dorpat reminded me very much of those which I had seen in Ireland.

Esthonia is rich in living writers, sculptors, painters, and musicians. Mrs. Aino Kallas, the wife of the Esthonian Minister in London, is a poetess and a novelist,

though she writes more in Finnish, her native language, than in Esthonian. Gustav Suits, now a professor in Dorpat University, is probably the most popular Esthonian poet. Henrik Bisnapuu is a young poet of great promise; but he is not the only one, for the dawn of freedom on the Baltic gave inspiration to many a sweet singer. M. Luts and M. Tuglas are novelists. Edward Wilde is both novelist and dramatist. There is a whole school of young painters, as a recent exhibition in Reval showed; and there are two prominent sculptors—Amandous Adamson, who now lives in Italy, and M. Koort, a disciple of Rodin, who lives in Paris. The musical standard of the Ests is very high, not only because they cultivated their native music, but also because Esthonian composers who had made careers for themselves in pre-war Russia have now come home.

As for the native press, published in the native language, it is supreme. The *Waba Maa* alone has a daily circulation of 200,000; and there are five other Esthonian daily newspapers published in Reval, some of them with a circulation equally great. On the other hand, there are in all Esthonia only two newspapers published in a foreign language. One is German, the other Russian; and their combined circulation does not exceed 5,000.

Latvia and Lithuania must be reserved for a further article.

FRANCIS MCCULLAGH.

AN IRISH AMBASSADOR AT THE SPANISH COURT, 1569–1574.

BY DANIEL A. BINCHY, M.A.

III.—Thomas Stukely.[1]

MY last article concluded with a brief reference to the arrival of Thomas Stukely at the port of Vivero in Spain. Ireland's fortunes were now to be vitally affected by the advent of this English adventurer. The story of Thomas Stukely's connection with Irish foreign relations reads like a grotesque romance, the truth of which might well be doubted, were it not authenticated from the most reliable sources. In the light of after events, now that the full record of his discreditable life has been revealed to us, it is but natural that we should wonder at the apparent folly of the Irish in using, even indirectly, such an unworthy instrument.

The earlier life of Thomas Stukely, which is unconnected with Irish history, will be reserved for an appendix to this series of articles. Few men could show a blacker record. His craving for adventure had led him along the most lawless paths; for two years he had been the most notorious of English pirates; he had betrayed the secrets of the king of France; he had engaged in treasonable conversations with the Spanish ambassador in London; he had squandered his wife's large fortune in riotous living; he had coined money to meet his

[1] For Parts I and II see issues of Sept. and Dec. 1921.

liabilities; and his murderous enterprises on sea had struck terror into the hearts of countless peaceful traders. Finally, towards the close of the year 1565, this bankrupt soldier of fortune arrived in Ireland in search of fresh adventure.

He was received with open arms by the Deputy, to whom he brought a letter of recommendation from his old patron Cecil. The proud and impecunious Sidney was attracted to this kindred spirit, became his firm friend, supported all his schemes to secure promotion, and gave him employment whenever he could do so. An opportunity soon came to hand. The haughty prince of Ulster, Shane O'Neill, then at the height of his power, had condescended to interview some delegates from the Privy Council with a view to arranging an amicable settlement of his disputes with Elizabeth's government. There was probably no Englishman of whom Shane had more pleasant memories than Stukely, who had entertained him munificently on his visit to London a few years before. On hearing of his presence in Ireland, the Ulster chief made haste to request the Privy Council that his former host should be dispatched to deal with him.[1] Sidney was only too pleased to comply with his request, and coupled with Stukely another friend of O'Neill, Justice Dowdall. On January 30, 1566, the Council wrote to Shane: "We have satisfied your special desire, sending to you Master Justice Dowdall and Thomas Stukely, gent." [2]

The two envoys proceeded to Dundalk and, in the early days of February, met Shane by appointment. The interview which transpired has become famous; and Sidney afterwards related it from Stukely's account. "I sent two gentlemen to him," wrote the Deputy, "Thomas Stukely and Justice Dowdall, both discreet, both faithful to the queen, stout, assured to me and grateful to him."

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[1] *Irish Cal.*, 1509-73, p. 277. [2] *Ibid.*

O'Neill received them cordially, but would listen to no concessions.

> My ancestors [he said proudly] were kings of Ulster; and Ulster was theirs, and Ulster is mine and shall be mine. And for O'Donnell, he shall never come into his country if I can keep him out of it; nor Bagenal into the Newry, nor the Earl of Kildare into Dundrum nor Lecale. They are now mine; with this sword I won them and with this sword I will keep them. This is my answer. Commend me to my gossip the Deputy. God be with you, my masters.

This extraordinary outspokenness was due, in Sidney's opinion, to the intoxicated condition of the speaker—"*in vino veritas*" is his cynical comment; but as his informant was Stukely, it is quite certain that the tale at least did not lose in the telling. But, whether his account was exaggerated or not, the Deputy thought fit to eulogise the conduct of Stukely and his companion in the warmest terms. "Very well did they behave themselves both for the honour of the Queen, the quiet of the country, and his [Shane's] commodity, if he had the grace to understand." And at the end of his letter he remarks: "I pray you let Stukely know that his service is taken in good part." [1]

A month had not elapsed from the interview with Shane O'Neill when Stukely was busy with a daring project for his own advancement. Sir Nicholas Bagenall was weary of his life in Ireland; his office of Marshal had brought onerous duties and scant gratitude. Accordingly, when Stukely proposed to purchase the office and the estates attached to it, Bagenall willingly assented; and a bargain was struck between them, fixing the price at £3,000. So far the transaction had been completely private, but now both parties decided to approach the Deputy and, if possible, to enlist his support. It required little to persuade Sidney, who already entertained a high opinion of Stukely's ability, to use his influence on his

[1] Sidney to Cecil, March 5, 1566.—*Irish MSS.*

behalf; and on the 7th of March he wrote to Cecil, acquainting him with the sale and asking him to secure its ratification. For the intending purchaser he had nothing but praise; he was "an apt man both to execute the office and to be a neighbour to O'Neill in the Newry, as one who in time of peace may be a good instrument to continue it, and in war a lusty soldier to defend his own and his neighbours." [1] Stukely himself also appealed to Cecil. "As I have ever found you," he writes, "mine especial good master and friend, even as I do now most humbly desire the continuance of your goodness, that it may please you to be a mediator with the queen's Most Excellent Majesty that it may please her Highness, of her clemency, to like well of it." [2]

But her Highness was by no means pleased to like well of it. Stukely was the man who had caused her to lose money by an unprofitable speculation in piracy, and in Elizabeth's eyes this was one of the greatest crimes in the calendar. The petty vindictiveness which she ever afterwards manifested towards him is typical of her real character. Cecil presumably did his best for his former protégé, but all to no purpose. On March 27th he wrote to Sidney, hinting at some "strange speeches" which the Queen had made when informed of Stukely's bid for office.[3] Three days later Elizabeth announced her decision in no uncertain terms. "We find it strange," she wrote to her Deputy in Ireland, "that Thomas Stukely should be used in any service in such credit as we perceive he is, considering the general discredit wherein he remaineth, not only in our own realm, but also in other countries for such matters as he hath been charged withal; whereunto also he yet remaineth by bond with sureties answerable to our Court of the Admiralty."[4] From the tone of this letter it was evident that Elizabeth was in no humour for compromise, and the man whose piracies she had en-

[1] *Irish MSS.* of *Irish Cal.*, 1509-73, p. 292. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*, p. 293.

[4] Kingsborough MSS. Printed by Thomas Wright: *Elizabeth and Her Times*, I., 246.

couraged and actively supported began to realise that his days of favour with this capricious sovereign were gone for ever. It was indeed superfluous for Cecil to inform the Deputy that her Majesty was "much offended" at his support of Stukely. "I pity his fortune,"[1] added Cecil—doubtless in all sincerity. But he was too cunning a politician to weary his mistress with importunities upon a subject which he now knew to be exceedingly distasteful to her. Henceforward he interfered no further in Stukely's behalf.

Sidney also was reluctantly compelled to accept the queen's refusal. "I pity Mr. Stukely as you do," he wrote in reply to Cecil's letter. He was obviously incensed at Elizabeth's interference in matters which she had definitely entrusted to his charge; "the office," he pointedly remarks, "is at the giving of the Lord Deputy." That Stukely had well earned this honour seems to him to be quite clear; "if any good come of the intelligence of O'Neill's intendement Stukely is to be thanked for it." However, his credit with Elizabeth was already too shaky to permit of his running counter to her wishes, and he now proceeded to excuse himself. He did not know, he said, of the bargain until it was completed; he then consented only—as he thought—in the queen's interests; and at no time did he "desire or persuade it."[2] And thus the matter ended in the complete shipwreck of the adventurer's new plans. The vindictive attitude assumed by the English queen towards her unruly subject was singularly ill-advised; had she forgotten the loss of her money and confirmed Stukely's appointment as Marshal, she might by that magnanimous act have secured an administrator in Irish affairs whose ability and courage would have saved an infinite amount of trouble. But the parsimonious Elizabeth refused to forget, and her persecution was slowly but inevitably driving Stukely into an alternative course of action for which, with admirable foresight, he had already provided.

[1] *Irish MSS.* of *Irish Cal.*, p. 294. [2] Collins, *Sidney Papers*, I., 10.

Ever since the commencement of his piratical career, Stukely had engaged in spasmodic intrigues with Spain. Before coming to Ireland, he had interviewed De Silva, Philip's ambassador in London, and represented himself as willing to serve the Spanish king in winning the Irish to his allegiance. Immediate treachery, however, he does not seem to have intended ; more probably, like the unjust steward, he was content to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness and in this way provide for his future prosperity, even if Elizabeth should prove herself unfriendly. The prudent De Silva, suspecting a trap, politely dismissed his suggestions, and apparently the affair was at an end. Stukely, however, had now received evidence of the queen's hostility towards him, and renewed his overtures to Spain. The last letter of Sidney had made reference to his impending departure from Ireland, and the disappointed candidate must have crossed to England shortly after this was written.

Towards the middle of May Stukely sought out De Silva and acquainted him with the progress of events in Ireland, and more particularly with his own fortunes. He related how he had purchased the office of Marshal. "The queen," writes De Silva, "will not sanction the sale or allow him to hold it, as it is of great importance in Ireland, and he is very discontented thereat." The conversation then shifted to Shane O'Neill and his affairs ; and the ambassador was furnished with some surprising information about Shane's hitherto unsuspected zeal for religion. "He is so good a Christian," Stukely remarked, "that he cuts off the head of anybody, even an Englishman, who enters his country and is not a Catholic ! "[1] Probably no one would have been more amazed at this overwhelming testimony to his orthodoxy than O'Neill himself, whose religion, it must be admitted, consisted for the most part in being all things to all men.

De Silva reports the statement without comment ;

[1] De Silva to Philip II, May 18th, *Spanish Cal.*, 1568-79, p. 550.

but it probably was sufficient to convince him of the general worthlessness of Stukely's information. Accordingly he dismissed him with a few words of thanks, but without the least reference to his offer of service. At the same time he did not intend to lose sight of this adventurer who, nothwithstanding the blatant falseness of his character, might be driven by Elizabeth's persecution into fulfilling his promises to Spain. On June 1st he wrote again to Philip: "The queen will not on any account sanction the sale to Stukely of the office of Marshal in Ireland, or even of the lands he has purchased adjoining O'Neill's country. The reason they give is that they cannot trust him, as he is a friend of O'Neill. The real reason probably is that they consider him a Catholic."[1]

For the next twelve months, we may infer from the absence of all reference to him in contemporary documents that Stukely was living in retirement; whether in Ireland or England it is impossible to say. This period of inactivity may have been due to a fresh cloud of suspicion under which he had fallen. A notorious Southampton pirate, by name Edward Cook, whose evil reputation bade fair to rival that attained by Stukely in his old seafaring days, had been using Ireland as a mart for his plunder. A number of Spanish traders who had been despoiled by him, complained through their ambassador to the English queen and mentioned that Stukely was suspected of having purchased a certain quantity of the stolen goods. Their suspicions may not have been accurate; but, considering the past history of the man against whom they were directed, they were by no means unreasonable. Elizabeth who, it is not unfair to suspect, heard the story of the robbery with secret satisfaction, was nevertheless only too glad to avail of it in order to indulge her spite against Stukely. She immediately wrote to Sidney, acquainting him with the circumstances; "and if it be true," she added, "that Stukely hath bought

[1] De Silva to Philip II., May 18th, *Spanish Cal.*, 1568-79, p. 555.

any part thereof, we charge you to give strait order that the same goods be forthcoming to be answered where justice shall limit. And surely we marvel that Stukely should have such boldness as to deal with pirates or with their prizes."[1] As far as can be judged, the matter never came to trial; but it was sufficient to prevent Stukely from interfering actively in public affairs for a considerable period afterwards.

We next hear of him in the June of 1567. Undeterred by his previous failure, he was engaged in making a last bid for office under the English queen. Captain Nicholas Heron, a gallant and experienced soldier, who was at this time seneschal of Wexford and constable of Ferns and Leighlin, was induced by Stukely to sell his office and estates. Again Sidney took up the case of his needy friend and sent Captain Agarde to London with a petition on his behalf. The Deputy was actuated by State reasons as well as by personal friendship, for Stukely would have made an excellent successor to Heron. The area over which his rule extended was just then peaceful; but at any moment the powerful tribe of Kavanaghs, most redoubtable of Irish rebels, might abandon their pretence of allegiance; and in such a contingency Stukely's military prowess would stand the English government in good stead. But again Elizabeth's hostility barred the way. On June 10th Cecil answered the Deputy's petition by a letter stating that the Queen "mislikes Stukely having any office in Ireland, and specially Nicholas Heron's."[2] However, no official condemnation came from Elizabeth herself, and emboldened by her silence into believing that she had forgotten all about the matter, Sidney placed his candidate in the castle of Leighlin and acknowledged him as seneschal of Wexford.

By the Deputy's bold stroke it seemed as if the adventurer's dreams were to be realised at last, and he set himself

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[1] *Kingsborough MS., Wright*, p. 246. [2] *Irish Cal.*, 1509-73, p. 342.

to the task of governing the country with a will. Certain disturbances compelled him to use rather drastic measures, and on the 24th of August he was empowered to exercise martial law.[1] For a full year he remained in undisturbed possession, and his administration confirmed the high opinion which the Deputy held of his abilities. But the queen's lapse of memory proved to be only temporary, and signs were not wanting that, perhaps under the persuasion of his enemies at Court, she was about to renew her opposition to Stukely. The latter was astute enough to anticipate this development and sought to avert it. The good offices of his powerful relatives were requisitioned; and in June, 1568, we find his uncle, Sir Hugh Paulet, writing to Cecil expressing the fear that the Secretary of State "has conceived an ill-opinion" of his nephew, and begging him not to be deceived by such "slanderous and ill reports."[2] But the warning arrived too late. On the very day after it was penned, the queen's command had gone forth to Sidney, bidding him "replace Sir Nicholas Heron, Knt., in his former charge, which Thomas Stukely now holdeth;"[3] and the Deputy, sorely against his will, was preparing to execute it. An unlooked-for solution of the difficulty, however, was provided by the sudden death of Heron; and for a few months more Stukely remained seneschal of Wexford.

A new actor now appeared upon the scene—Sir Peter Carew, a cousin of Stukely, whose preposterous claims to an Irish inheritance, grounded upon wild stories of a lost grant and a mythical ancestry, had just received the approval of the Privy Council. The lands affected by the pretensions of this adventurer included the County of Wexford and the estates and offices presently enjoyed by Stukely. The latter was by no means averse to Carew's project; Sir Peter was his cousin, and had ever shown himself well-disposed; and should he secure his so-called

[1] *Cal. Fiants*, Elizabeth, 1119.
[2] *Domestic Cal.*, 1547-80, p. 310. [3] *Irish Cal.*, p. 380.

inheritance, there was a reasonable probability that he would not disturb the present holder of the seneschalship. In May, 1568, John Vowell *alias* Hooker, better known as the chronicler who concluded Holinshed's work than as the rascally lawyer who had given a legal colouring to the falsehoods on which Carew's claim was based, arrived in Ireland to make preparations for his master's coming. In the course of a tour of the lands involved, he arrived at the castle of Leighlin and was cordially received by Stukely, who offered the castle or any of the other houses in his possession as a residence for Carew. "If you be there," wrote Hooker to Sir Peter, "you shall have all things serving your necessity or pleasure at a far more reasonable hand than at Dublin, where I do find all things to be at double price in respect of our things in England."[1] Further, Stukely was at pains to inform Hooker "how much he was bounden to his cousin in his worst estate," for during the dark days when all men's voices were raised against him, Carew alone "gave good report, and spake in his defence."

It is evident that Stukely had realised that all his chances of remaining seneschal were bound up with his cousin's success. He, therefore, could only hope that Carew would be settled in possession before Elizabeth had time to make a fresh nomination. But his hopes were destined to be rudely disappointed. Cecil, who had hitherto befriended him, now brought forward a creature of his own as a candidate for the office, Nicholas White, an impoverished attorney, who had served his patron diligently and unscrupulously. Elizabeth willingly sanctioned his appointment, and towards the close of October the Deputy received a letter from Cecil, ordering him to remove Stukely from office and replace him by Nicholas White.[2] A week later the queen herself wrote in similar strain;[3] and Sidney, to his ill-concealed chagrin, was

[1] *Carew Cal.*, I., 383 (wrongly placed under 1565).
[2] *Irish Cal.*, p. 392. [3] *Ibid.*

forced to replace a seasoned and skilful soldier by a bookish attorney. For Stukely he had indeed done his best, and fresh petitions on his behalf would, he knew, succeed only in irritating his petulant sovereign. He replied to Cecil on the 14th of November: "Since I now see that her Majesty cannot allow of Stukely's services, I must be sorry for his undoing and cease my suit." For the timorous placeman who was now seneschal he had a soldier's contempt, which he made no attempt to hide. "I think Nicholas White able to execute the office of seneschal of Wexford, being a quiet country where no martial force is used;" but, on the other hand, if "the leading of soldiers" is included in his grant, "I cannot counsel that he is fit for the charge."[1]

In the circumstances it was only natural that Stukely should cherish a grudge against White, which lasted as long as he lived. "I will teach her," he remarked during one of his boastful tirades against Elizabeth at Madrid, "to displace a soldier and to put in one with a pen and ink-horn at his girdle."[2] For the moment he contented himself with circulating a story—quite probably true—that White was preferred through the Earl of Ormond's agency and was a bitter opponent of the Lord Deputy.[3] The new seneschal reciprocated his sentiments, and the hatred between the two men soon became common knowledge. Meanwhile the path of the English placeman was no easy one; his soldiers, furious that their command should be taken from their popular captain and placed in the hands of an inexperienced civilian, were on the verge of mutiny, and White became uneasily aware that success in his office demanded something more than a facility for legal quibbles. To add to his difficulties, he now became embroiled with the masterful Carew, who

[1] *Sidney Papers*, I., 38.

[2] Deposition of James Rigby, *Domestic MSS.*, August 29, 1571. Cf. *Domestic Cal.*, 1547-80, p. 420.

[3] White to Cecil, March 10, 1569, *Irish Cal.*, p. 404.

was probably instigated by his disappointed cousin. Finally, the county of Wexford, hitherto most peaceful, grew mysteriously agitated; the Kavanaghs resumed their raids, and Stukely watched with grim amusement the wretched White overwhelmed by the combined weight of so many misfortunes.

It is impossible to acquit Stukely of being concerned in these disturbances. Nicholas White had no doubts upon the matter, and bided his time in the hopes of securing some definite evidence of his complicity. An opportunity was not long delayed. In conversation with two soldiers of his acquaintance, Stukely had spoken slightingly of his sovereign. News of this reached White soon afterwards, and without delay he sent for one of the parties and had him examined. On the 10th of June he forwarded to Cecil the deposition of Richard Stafford as to Stukely's undutiful expressions in his and William Hore's presence.[1] What Stukely said about the queen and her office will not bear repetition; but, apart from its obscenity, his remark could not be construed as treasonable.

A more serious charge was to follow. Thomas Masterson, who had been appointed constable of Ferns under the nominal rule of White, was a brave and efficient soldier, and did much to redeem the incapacity of his superior officer. His decisive action, for which the worthless seneschal obtained the credit, drew him into enmity with Stukely, and a fierce quarrel, culminating in physical violence, broke out between them. The Privy Council, on learning of the dispute, summoned both parties to Dublin. On the 7th of June they were brought before the Council, and here Masterson "in open and vehement manner" charged his opponent not only with the matters contained in Stafford's deposition, "but also with the putting out of certain lewd persons, which are now proclaimed rebels, in the County of Wexford." This weighty charge told heavily against Stukely, and the Privy Council

[1] White to Cecil, March 10, 1569, *Irish Cal.*, p. 408.

decided on drastic measures; they ordered that his farm should be taken from him and given to Captain Thomas Agarde, while he himself was thrown into prison and committed for trial.[1]

The indictment which was framed against him survives among the Burghley papers.[2] The pith of its charge is that during the year 1568 he "wrongfully came to Inniscorthy, and traitorously provoked Maurice Kavanagh Duff, late of Knockangarrine, Griffin Kavanagh McMaurice and Walter Kavanagh, and divers other malefactors unknown, Irish enemies and proclaimed rebels, to levy war against the queen. Whereupon the said traitors came to Ballynatte in Wexford, and then and there stole thirty kine of sundry colours, each worth twenty shillings, of the goods and castle's (chattels ?) of Katern Kavanagh of Ballynatte, widow, and four horses of Donough O'Kynselagh of the same place." Altogether, not a very weighty accusation. On the other hand it was almost certainly true that Stukely had intrigued with the rebels, whose action was admirably timed to incommode his enemy of the pen and ink-horn.

For various reasons the case never came to trial. The successful rising of James Fitzmaurice had turned the attention of Dublin Castle to matters far more serious than the petty misdemeanours of a single Englishman. And even if the government had wished to proceed with the trial, the charge was of such a slender nature that, in the absence of further evidence, a conviction was unlikely. Further, we may assume that Sidney was not inactive in his friend's behalf, and sought to shield him from any severe punishment. Whatever was the cause, Stukely remained in prison, without any steps being taken to pursue the matter further, and his friends in high station doubtless assured him that his release was only a question of time. But the iron had entered his soul. For four years he had endeavoured to become reconciled with

[1] White to Cecil, June 10, *Ibid.* [2] *Lansdowne MSS.*, XII., No. 9.

Elizabeth and serve her government in Ireland, and at each attempt he found himself thwarted by the unceasing enmity of the English queen. She had refused to have him for a friend; she would now see that he could be a most dangerous enemy.

And so this strange man—a typical child of Elizabethan England in his pride, his haughty ambition, his reckless bravery, his agreeable presence, and his utter lack of a moral sense—was at last driven into the arms of the insurgent Irish. He came to them, not of his own free-will or through any honest sympathy with their cause, but through motives of personal pique and hopes of personal aggrandisement, goaded by the faithlessness of Elizabeth and her minister into joining hands with their opponents. These were the causes of his association with Irish nationalism; and a connection based upon such reasons could be neither happy nor lasting.

We are now faced with the difficult problem of determining the exact nature of Stukely's relations with the Irish insurgents before his imprisonment. His own statement was definite enough. In a memorial presented to the Vatican in 1571, he speaks of himself as having been "secretly in league with the Catholics," and "privily conspiring with the Catholics aforesaid to rise and do all the mischief in their power to Elizabeth and all the rest of the heretics."[1] But his testimony is uncorroborated and is utterly unreliable. The story afterwards told by the Archbishop of Cashel[2]—also, it must be confessed, a prejudiced witness—was very different. What credit, he asked, could be given to a man "who had destroyed so many churches, monasteries, and images, and who was a native of England, and so hated by his own people, and much more hated by the Irish, as well on account of the natural and common hatred the Irish bear against the English, as on account of the particular hatred they bore

[1] Mr. Stukely's Narrative, *Rome Cal.*, I., 380.

[2] Memorandum to King Philip, Dec. 2, 1570, *Spic. Oss.*, I., 68.

him for having purchased and occupied those lands[1] which most of Ireland well knew neither belonged to the queen nor to him who had no right to them."

Upon the whole, MacGibbon's version was nearer the truth. On one point, at least, he was entirely accurate: Stukely had been neither in word nor in deed a professing Catholic, and so clearly could this be proved that even he, with his utter disregard for truth, dared not controvert it. To the Nuncio in Madrid he admitted that his conduct in religious matters had been such as to include him in the general excommunication incurred by heretics; and he could only excuse himself by pleading that he was "ever in spirit a Catholic," though he had lived among heretics, "having dealings with them in matters external, not separating myself from their life or society, and eating meat upon forbidden days."[2] He had also to confess that he had held the property of a despoiled abbey, though he maintained that the Archbishop of Cashel's account of his destruction of churches and monasteries was untrue, as indeed it seems to have been. Apart from these particular offences, however, there is no doubt that Stukely had conformed outwardly at least to the reformed religion; and this being so, it is hardly probable that the insurgent Catholics had any dealings whatever with him.

His imprisonment and subsequent flight to Spain, however, perhaps had attracted the attention of those who hoped for foreign aid in the struggle for Irish independence. When, as will afterwards be described, he emerged from prison on parole, he may have interviewed some of the chieftains and secured expressions of their sympathy and support. That he was never appointed their official envoy in succession to MacGibbon is quite certain; undoubtedly the confederate chiefs were dissatisfied and indignant with their envoy, but we may be assured that not for a moment did they think of substituting an unknown English adventurer in his stead.

[1] *i.e.*, Heron's estates. [2] *Rome Cal.*, I., 354.

One thing, however, can be definitely stated : whether the " disaffected " Irish knew of his mission or not, at all events on his arrival at the Spanish Court, when he had discredited their envoy and insinuated himself into the good graces of Philip, they accepted the position without demur and confidently awaited his arrival at the head of the foreign host. For the next few years the State Papers teem with references to his coming and the certainty of his being joined by the Irishry. The Jesuit, David Woulfe, a close friend of James Fitzmaurice and an ardent worker in the Irish cause, writing in 1574, speaks of " his rare virtues and magnanimity, the hatred he bears to the heretics, and his zeal for the Catholic faith," and continues as follows :—

" All the Lords and gentlemen of Ireland, all the soldiers and all the nobles—not of Leinster only, but of Munster, Connaught, Ulster and Meath—await with the utmost anxiety his arrival with a fleet ; the good Catholics to aid and lovingly embrace him, the heretics to flee from him in fear. . . . I have much to say of his magnanimity, and of what he may do in that island, and of the great esteem in which he is held by the great Lords of that realm, and how many there are who would gladly embrace him ; but this I cannot do in writing, nor were it proper to do so at present. I shall say it by his leave in meet time and place ; however, this one thing I say and affirm with truth : he is heartily beloved by the good and feared by the wicked." [1]

This flattering tribute affords clear evidence that the bravest and best in Ireland had pinned their hopes on this worthless adventurer. They may have been aware of his unedifying history, they may have distrusted him as an Englishman and a perfidious intriguer ; but they were aware of his importance at the Spanish and Papal Courts and realised that his support would be invaluable to them. They lived to mourn their credulity and curse the memory of the false friend who had deserted them in their hour of need, as we shall see in a future article.

D. A. Binchy.

[1] " Description of the Realm of Ireland," March 23, 1574—*Vatican Archives*, Arm. XIV., cap. 2, No. 26.

GENERAL LUDENDORFF.

BY JOHN RYAN, S.J., M.A.

IT is not easy to realise how formidable was the task which confronted the German people during the recent years of war. At the head of a rickety alliance of four states they had to fight for existence against the greater part of the civilised and a goodly portion of the semi-civilised world. To have fought that fight for four years, to have had the world well-nigh on its knees crying for mercy, was a titanic achievement. To attribute the victories then won or the disasters which followed unequivocally to one man is, of course, foolish. What can justly be claimed is that success and ill-success were influenced to a very great degree by a few prominent personalities. Of these the most outstanding is undoubtedly General Ludendorff. He, more than any other man, was responsible for Germany's military predominance until July, 1918; he, perhaps, more than any other man, was responsible for the collapse which brought her finally to ruin.

Erich Ludendorff was born on April 9, 1865, at Kruszczwina, in Posen. His father was of an old Pomeranian family which had migrated to Polish territory. His mother was by birth a Swede.

Erich was noted for strength and tenacity of will from his earliest years. At five he overcame what seemed to be a hopeless defect in pronunciation by brute force and perseverance. At school he showed decided capacity, but none of the startling traits associated with genius. He was consistent in his preference for giving rather than

receiving orders. Solitude, the mother-country of the strong, beguiled him soon with its attractions; hence an ever-growing dislike for company and a delight in rambling alone in the fields and woods near his home. At twelve he was a cadet in Ploen; thence he passed to a higher school at Lichterfeld. In 1882, at the age of seventeen, he took his commission as an officer. He specialised now in the history of Prussia and in the campaigns of the great German generals. History remained always his favourite pastime; Bismarck his ideal of true German greatness.

As a lieutenant he came in due course to study at the War-Academy at Berlin. Brilliant success here fell to his lot. He left the Academy as a captain in 1895, and became one of those privileged beings to whom the General Staff opened its portals. He returned for a while to the War-Academy as professor of tactics and commanded a company of infantry for two years at Thorn. During the remainder of the period 1895-1912 he continued to fill various positions on the General Staff. He was given command of a battalion in 1900, made lieutenant-colonel in 1907, colonel in 1911. Glowing patriotism, exalted soldierly ideals, stern devotion to duty, tireless energy and joyous endurance of the slavery of work were his characteristics. He was now given credit for possessing military capacity of the first order, and was consequently entrusted with one of the most important posts within the General Staff—control of the section for active operations. It will be noted that he was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He had no cousins or aunts in high places to dilate enthusiastically on his military virtues. What advancement he received he won by sheer merit.

In 1912 the military leaders had endeavoured to get proposals for a large increase in the army through the Reichstag. Three new army corps were to be added to the already existing divisions, so that in case of war Belgium could be overrun in one sweep to the sea-coast. The Reichstag rejected the proposals. Ludendorff had

been a passionate supporter of the scheme, and when it fell through he fumed so furiously that he became unbearable to certain high personages in Berlin. As a result he was removed from the General Staff and sent to command a brigade of infantry at Düsseldorff. He was later removed to Strassburg, where we find him, with the rank of Major-General, in August, 1914.

At the outbreak of the war he was recalled at once to the General Staff and made Quartermaster to the second army. This, of course, was a comparatively insignificant position, but even insignificant positions can afford remarkable men opportunities of distinguishing themselves. The second army was held up at Liège. Three columns were detached with orders to pass the forts without attacking them and converge from different points upon the town. One column alone fulfilled its mission. Ludendorff was at its head. Isolation in the midst of the forts caused him no worry. Under cover of night he pressed on to the bridges. Morning found him in position on the other side. He thought he saw a white flag floating from the citadel, and jumping into a motor-car drove thither at full speed. His eyes had deceived him, but, nothing daunted, he shouted to the garrison to surrender. The gates were thrown open and his task was accomplished.

Meantime things had not been going brilliantly with the German army in the East. It was very small—only 9 divisions, compared with 70 in the West—and it looked as if it would be a mere toy in the hands of the advancing Russian hordes. So thought Prittwitz, its commander, when attacked in front by Rennenkampf and on the flank by Sassonoff, and only weakly helped from the south by the half-organised Austrians. He, therefore, determined to retire to the left bank of the Vistula and leave the Prussian territory on the right bank to the Russians. This, in the circumstances, was little better than a counsel of despair. The Prussian territory about to be abandoned was important for corn-supplies. The Vistula line could not be

held without bringing troops from the West, where they were already insufficient. More important still, retirement meant putting the Austrians in a position from which they could hardly extricate themselves. Moltke was resigned to all this; but the leading members of his Staff were not. Communications by telephone were kept going for hours with the armies in the East. Finally Moltke was induced to decide that the order to retire be withdrawn. Hindenburg was called from retirement and sent to the East to replace Prittwitz. He named Ludendorff at once as his Chief-of-Staff. A special train from Coblenz brought the latter to his new post. Hindenburg joined him at Hanover, and the two travelled to the East together.

Arrived at the front, Ludendorff found himself opposed by two Russian armies far superior in numbers to his own. The northern Russian army under Rennenkampf menaced Königsberg; the other, under Sassonoff, advanced some three days' march to the South. Ludendorff's plan was quickly formed. He feinted before Rennenkampf with only two cavalry brigades and the Königsberg garrison, meantime flinging his whole army on Sassonoff. In five days the Russian army was annihilated and Sassonoff himself had committed suicide in despair. While his colleague was thus being destroyed, Rennenkampf had stood idly by. His hour had now struck. A couple of days' rest and the victorious army was swung to the north. Some troops had just arrived from the West, and were a welcome addition to its strength. Ludendorff had now 16 divisions against Rennenkampf's 24. The Russians were in a strong position on the Massurian Lakes with their right on the sea. In the ordinary course of events they should have easily beaten off the opposing German army. In fact, however, their resistance broke down after two days, and they began to retreat rapidly on the Niemen. In a week they were back 65 miles and had lost 45,000 prisoners. The remnants of Sassonoff's army captured after Tannenberg numbered over 90,000. All this took

place between August 24 and September 10. Hindenburg and Ludendorff had had a success vouchsafed hitherto to no other commander.

Shortly afterwards Ludendorff was appointed Chief-of-Staff to a small army in Silesia. The appointment was regarded as a scheme of the envious tacticians in G.H.Q. to rid themselves of the too successful general. Just then, however, Hindenburg's powers were extended; the new army passed under his control, and the situation was saved.

In Poland the campaign had two phases: one in the south, conducted according to Falkenhayn's plan, which failed; the second, to the north, worked out by Ludendorff, which succeeded. Ludendorff was made a general of division.

The hardships and dangers of a winter campaign he was prepared to face. In February he hurried an army along the lower Niemen, and tried to outflank the Russian right. If this succeeded the whole front of Grand Duke Nicholas's army would automatically collapse. Ludendorff's strength was, however, insufficient for the purpose. Tactical advantages were gained, 110,000 prisoners and hundreds of guns taken; but the chief purpose, the outflanking of the Russian army, was not realised. Ludendorff complained bitterly that during all this year 1915 Falkenhayn settled down to a war of limited aims in the West, instead of seeking a decision in the East, where with reasonably generous supplies of troops it could easily have been secured.

Falkenhayn and Ludendorff differed absolutely as to the proper manner of conducting the approaching summer campaign against Russia. Hence, perhaps, it was not surprising when Ludendorff was named Chief-of-Staff to a tiny army destined for use in the Carpathians as a support to the Austrians. Hindenburg, however, protested vigorously to the Kaiser against this injustice, and had his Chief-of-Staff restored to him.

In the ensuing operations Falkenhayn's plan of campaign was followed and Ludendorff's rejected. The Austrians were in a pitiable plight until Mackensen with a German army began his great advance in Galicia in May. The Russians were expecting Austrians in this quarter and got a bad shock. Ludendorff attacked at the same time from Poland. The results justified his fears. Falkenhayn recognised his mistake, but only when it was too late. The campaign cost much blood and treasure, and the losses, according to Ludendorff, were not compensated for by the gains. Poland, Lithuania, Courland and part of Russia were, it is true, now in Germany's hands; but the Russian army was still intact. Meanwhile Bulgaria had joined with the central Powers and had made the crushing of Serbia possible. The Allies were driven from the Balkans and their army compelled to live in Stylite fashion on a pillar at Salonika. This was the situation at the end of 1915.

The following year saw the tide turn to a considerable degree against Germany. The attack on Verdun consumed all the troops available for offensive purposes, and was not broken off when it became evident that it could lead to nothing. The armies in the East were compelled to remain on the defensive. The Austrians began an attack from the Tyrol against Venice, but so weakly that it had soon to be abandoned. Meanwhile the Russians had pulled themselves together, re-armed, and rolled forward again like a great avalanche. Austria's weakness gave cause for anxiety. English and French had begun their offensive on the Somme. To crown all, Rumania now declared for the Entente, and prepared to invade Transylvania. It was a dark hour for the Fatherland. The Kaiser saw but one hope of salvation, and on August 29, 1916, entrusted Hindenburg with the supreme command. Ludendorff ranked nominally as his second, but in reality, by a strange arrangement, enjoyed equal power and equal responsibility with his chief.

Ludendorff's first care was to secure a certain unity of control over all troops operating in the East. The Austrians, Bulgars and Turks swallowed their displeasure as best they could. Next a plan of campaign was drawn up against Rumania, which, ably executed by Mackensen, was soon to make that country harmless. Ludendorff then moved across to the West to see for himself how things stood. He came to the conclusion that, if the needs of the army were supplied, there was nothing to fear. These needs were then tabulated and presented to the Chancellor. They came to be known later as the Hindenburg Victory Programme or, more shortly, the Hindenburg Programme. Soon the problem as to how the war was to be waged in 1917 had to be solved. A careful weighing of possibilities led to the conclusion : offensive in the East, defensive in the West, combined with full use of the U-boats in the hope of paralysing England's war activities. Arrangements were made as soon as possible to give the army a special training in defensive warfare and to provide it with particularly strong trench positions. These positions were called after the heroes of the old German Niebelungen Saga (Siegfriedstellung, etc.); collectively they formed the Hindenburg line.

From the military point of view these arrangements were satisfactory. A voluntary retirement near Arras in February and March, with systematic destruction of the territory abandoned, badly upset the Allies' plan for an offensive. Attacks by the English in Flanders and by the French at Verdun were repulsed. The Russian army as a fighting force came definitely to an end in August. Italy was subjected to treatment from which she would take a long time to recover. The U-boats had not quite fulfilled their purpose, but they were at least causing considerable confusion in the Allied camp. Unpleasant phenomena were America's entrance into the war and the English conquest of Palestine. More unpleasant still was the progress of the peace idea and the growth of war-weariness

in Germany. Would the German people hold out until the army had had time to strike, or would they (as Ludendorff chose to phrase it) lose courage five minutes before victory ?

This question would seem to the ordinary lay mind to be primarily a matter for the Chancellor and the Government. Ludendorff, too, professed respect for that view. As a matter of fact, however, he was hardly a week in the supreme command when he was at daggers drawn with the Chancellor and every member of the civil government. He wanted to tug the ship of state his way ; the Chancellor wanted to tug it another way. The two tugged and tugged until the unhappy state fell to pieces between them. That is the tragic fact which lies behind Germany's unparalleled disaster.

All this developed quite naturally from Ludendorff's theories as to the intimate relations between war and politics. War for him was simply foreign policy with the bayonet instead of the pen as driving instrument. It was an act of violence as the sole means left of compelling the adversary to fulfil certain political demands. Its immediate purpose was destruction of the hostile fighting force. When the enemy was down and out, his country occupied, and the peace-terms signed, the aim of the war could be regarded as fulfilled. While it lasted, every other political interest should be subordinated to it and every act of the Government should tend to its furtherance. Mutual understanding between the Commander-in-Chief and the head of the Government was obviously essential to success. The ideal would be to have both offices in the hands of one person, as was the case with Alexander the Great, Frederick the Great and Napoleon. Otherwise nothing could be expected but the fate of Hannibal, who was left in the lurch by the Carthaginian politicians and was thus brought to ruin. Ludendorff himself is responsible for these illustrations.

According to the Prussian constitution the King was

at the same time head of the Government and head of the army. As a matter of fact he was neither. The Chancellor and the Commander-in-Chief were absolutely independent in their departments. Where there was hopeless divergence of opinion, the King interfered as umpire between them. On the many occasions when such interference was necessary between August, 1916, and October, 1918, the Kaiser consistently decided in favour of the Chancellor. Ludendorff consistently growled a half-submission. His nature, his education and the principles for which he stood made it impossible for him to act otherwise.

Not that Ludendorff disliked Chancellors or politicians as such. Bismarck was in his eyes "one of the greatest of the children of men." Bülow among contemporaries was worthy of respect. For the other paltry politicians who had dared to step into the great Chancellor's shoes he had a sovereign contempt. Bismarck, with his eye ever on the raw realities of life, had laid down his famous axiom: "Great questions are not decided by speeches and by majority-votes, but by blood and iron." Bethmann-Hollweg in 1913 referred in scathing terms to "the naive belief in force which too many Germans still cherish." To see what he regarded as political pigmies of the Bethmann type in control of Germany's fortunes filled Ludendorff with despair. He had sins of omission and commission in an endless litany to lay to their charge. If he was to be believed, they could neither keep the peace nor make war, nor do anything except make long-winded speeches which few read and nobody heeded. They had estranged Russia, Germany's "natural ally," and driven her into France's arms. They had replied disdainfully to Chamberlain's overtures at the turn of the century, and handled England thereafter so crudely that the effort of the Asquith Government to secure an understanding in 1912 was fated to be a failure. They had done nothing to restrain the Kaiser's chief defect, his weakness for mob-oratory, and had even pandered to it by sending him to

make a speech on the Moroccan question at Tangiers. The nerves of Europe were so badly shaken by that speech that the Powers had to come together at Algeciras to try and restore equilibrium. The conference had one lesson to teach Germany—that, excepting Austria, all Europe was against her. The politicians put their heads in the sand and refused to see the fact. Worst of all, they had rejected Schlieffen's counsel and refused to declare war in 1906. Schlieffen, it must be remembered, is regarded in Germany as the greatest general the country produced since Moltke. Ludendorff was for years Schlieffen's enthusiastic pupil.

The following years saw the ring close round Germany. King Edward VII brought a long period of diplomatic activity to an end at Reval in June, 1908, by making the Entente a reality. The serious Bosnian crisis in October of the same year, which terminated after an exchange of ultimatums, gave Germany an opportunity of destroying the infant Entente by opening the Dardanelles to Russia. Instead of this, she gave unconditional support to Austria and inflicted on Russia a diplomatic defeat which was bitterly felt and bitterly remembered at Petrograd. The long desired chance of retaliating came in 1914. Ludendorff was very doubtful as to the whole policy of an Austro-German at the expense of a Russo-German alliance. The Austrian Empire was in his eyes a puddle in which the Emperor's naughty peoples splashed one another, to their own intense amusement and to the exclusion of every other interest. He had little hopes that war would bring about an improvement in their manners. If, however, the Government insisted on maintaining the Austrain alliance, it should at least have secured a military convention between the two countries. This it neglected to do. France, on the other hand, had sent milliards of francs to Russia to finance the building of strategic railways against Germany.

Thus even in pre-war times Ludendorff was no en-

thusiastic admirer of the German Government. His respect for it became ever less during the first two years of war. The predominance of the legal element he considered chiefly responsible for the Government's defects. A juristic education was considered essential for all the higher offices of state. The result, in his eyes, was a plague of lawyers, men trained to interpret life not according to the needs of life, but according to the cold letter of a dead law. Besides, they always tended to forget that in the final stage of international disagreements nothing is left but force confronting force. Judges are not forthcoming, and lawyers are unnecessary.

It may be admitted at once that Ludendorff's strictures on the Government were to a certain degree justified. A more objective explanation of its failures can be given in a few words. Since the beginning of the reign of Wilhelm II most of the brains of the country had gone into industry and commerce. Bavaria and the other southern states had continued to go their own easy agricultural way. The administration, the diplomatic service and the leadership of the army had been left to an overwhelming extent to the Prussians. These made excellent officers, wooden but efficient bureaucrats, dull and blundering diplomats. The glaring fact that, when the war broke out, the whole world ranged itself against Germany must be set to the everlasting discredit of post-Bismarckian German diplomacy.

After the defeat of Rumania Ludendorff felt himself well in the saddle as Commander-in-Chief, and in a position to dictate to the Government. The Government naturally showed no desire to obey his behests. Ludendorff met their refusal with a flank attack. He did not ask the Chancellor to regard himself as head of a sub-section in G.H.Q.—such a procedure would lead to endless complications. An easier way lay open. There was not a single move in home or foreign policy which had not its effect one way or another on the army. Ludendorff was head of the army.

Hence he felt himself justified in interfering with the whole direction of the civil government. It was in the interests of the army that the war should be won. Ludendorff had to look after the army; he therefore appointed himself Minister of War. It was in the interests of the army that a good peace should be made as soon as possible; he therefore became Minister for Foreign Affairs. It was essential to the army to be supplied with good food; he therefore became Minister of Agriculture. It was essential that the *moral* of the German people should be kept high whilst that of the enemy peoples was depressed; he therefore became Minister of Propaganda. For similar reasons he felt compelled to fill a number of other posts. In all these he henceforth took the leading role. He examined everything, made up his mind as to what was the right policy, and then tried to force that policy on the Government. It must be said that he was constitutional to that extent. Nine times out of ten the Chancellor refused to go Ludendorff's way; hence, according to the latter, Germany's defeat in the war. His three volumes of Memoirs are an elaborate effort to prove this thesis.

It need hardly be said that Ludendorff possessed that tremendous capacity for work essential for any great achievement. Seven o'clock each morning found him at his desk, where he worked regularly till twelve. At nine he had a short talk on the military situation with Hindenburg. Absolute unity in thought, will and aim existed between the two, which in practice meant that Ludendorff had a free hand to do as he wished with the armies. Hence the officers in G.H.Q., for the most part Ludendorff's nominees, were right in claiming that, though Hindenburg's name was over the door, it was in reality Ludendorff who was senior partner in the firm. Hindenburg was, however, something more than a mere idol to which incense and nails were offered. He had a remarkable gift for seeing at once the strength and weakness of a proposed plan, and, once a scheme of operations was

adopted, unshakable resolution in carrying it into effect. His calm confidence, his imperturbable good humour, his modesty and his kindliness made the General Staff into a family of which he was the patriarchal head. He was beloved by the army as Ludendorff could never be, and trusted by both army and people to an extent which his stern domineering lieutenant could never command. It may be true that Hindenburg could not have existed without Ludendorff; it is equally true that Ludendorff could not have existed without Hindenburg. Ludendorff, as sole Commander-in-Chief, would have had, in all probability, a short and stormy career. The great difference between the two was that Hindenburg had a perfect horror of politics. He lived heart and soul with the army, trying to do the best he could for it with the Government, and trying to do the most he could with what the Government gave him, without either dictation or rebellion. Ludendorff bewailed this as a fatal defect in his chief.

When his morning talk with Hindenburg was ended, Ludendorff got into telephonic communication with the various commanders, and heard from them a detailed account of the situation at the front. At noon he met the Kaiser and reported shortly how matters stood. This was all, for the Kaiser had not the smallest part in the direction of operations. Dinner was at one. Hindenburg made the conversation, spinning yarns from an inexhaustible repertoire. Ludendorff sat reserved and glum. After dinner a short walk, and he was at his desk again at three. He broke off at 8.0 for supper, only to commence work again at 10.0 and go on until midnight or after. He journeyed along the fronts in a special train once a week and met the various commanding generals, whom he subjected to a rigorous examination. Those who made a serious mistake were given no opportunity of making a second. Ludendorff was often harsh, sometimes unjust in his treatment of the higher officers. He admits that he was both without regrets. It was a small price to pay for increased efficiency.

Ludendorff had an instinctive dislike for all that opposed or hindered Prussia and Prussian policy. For the Catholic Church he had that nervous fear which found expression half-a-century ago in the Kulturkampf. For the Socialists in their effort to establish the capitalism of the proletariat he had both hatred and contempt. His own ideal was a social but not a socialistic policy. In the naturally disintegrating elements within the Empire—Poles, Danes and Alsatians—he took little or no interest; he left them with confidence to the police. The Jews, one and all, he bitterly detested. Ballin, the founder of the Hamburg-America Line, Warburg, the leading German financier, and Rathenau, the present Foreign Minister, he expressly included among Germany's internal enemies. Democratic catch-cries—"equality," "brotherhood," "free development of personality"—he regarded as Jewish inventions to chloroform the masses whilst the sons of Israel gathered into their own coffers the cash and treasures of the nation. Thus equality, in the Hebrew sense, meant freedom for the strong to plunder the weak, the supremacy of unproductive but interest-bearing capital. Ludendorff itched to lay murderous hands on the two leading Jewish organs, the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Were he allowed his way the punishment of their editors would not be reserved wholly for the next world. For democracy in the accepted sense he had small sympathy. A democratic regime would be in his eyes the paradise of ranters, phrasemongers, flatterers and spongers, where talent and merit would be elbowed aside to an extent impossible under any other form of government. The very idea of a parliament was, he thought, false. The nation should be ruled by its best and ablest sons. A Parliament of its nature was a collection of ambitious, mediocre, narrow-minded men, moved by party interests, and owing their position to skill in humouring and deceiving the mob. The Reichstag he would define as a herd of beer-swilling, back-parlour politicians, driven

by a small group of capable intriguers and pompous party bonzes. It was indeed little wonder that Ludendorff's name was anathema to the leading German parliamentarians.

He tried to treat Bethmann-Hollweg as he treated subordinate officers. The *moral* of the people was sinking; what had the Chancellor done to raise it? Ludendorff seemed to think that the Chancellor could manufacture *moral* just as Krupps manufactured cannon. The Allied press represented the German people as a carpet on which princes, generals and junkers swaggered. Wilson, in his ridiculous role as arch-priest of humanity, had enshrined this view in his encyclicals. What had the Chancellor done to counteract? The Chancellor replied that he had established a propaganda department. Yes, but it was put in charge of Erzberger, Ludendorff's mortal enemy, which meant that much of what was produced got as far as the military censors and there came to repose in roomy waste-paper baskets. It was a pet scheme of Ludendorff to have every man between 15 and 60 who was not in the army enrolled in a special subsidiary force for state service. This, of course, would put the workers and the whole country absolutely at the mercy of the Government. The proposal naturally met with fierce opposition in the Reichstag, and the "cattle-jobbing" (Ludendorff's general term for Reichstag deliberations) continued until only a shadow of the shadow of the original bill was passed. Spies were active in Germany, especially in the harbours. Thus the departure of the squadron which fought the battle of Jutland was made known to the English the moment it had left Kiel. Why were not the spies discovered and shot? Why were not lectures held to educate the people on war matters? Why were not patriotic leagues formed to spread Pan-German views? Why were not special homes built to house disabled soldiers? Why was not more liberal assistance given to the families of the fallen? Why were not new factories founded to increase the supply

of ammunition? Why were not more comprehensive measures taken to further the growth of population? And so on in an endless series questions for the Chancellor.

Ludendorff did not, however, content himself with putting questions. He had counsellors of his own brought to G.H.Q.—financial experts, economic experts, political experts, revolution experts, gun experts, shell experts, potato experts, artificial manure experts, and a host of nondescript experts. With the aid of these he prepared solutions for all, even the most commonplace, problems, and presented them with his usual decision to the Chancellor. If the latter rejected, there was an angry scene. It is obvious that this state of affairs could not continue indefinitely. The time came when one or the other had to go. Ludendorff appealed to the Kaiser to dismiss the Chancellor. The Kaiser refused. Ludendorff at once handed in his resignation and induced Hindenburg to do the same. By a strange coincidence Erzberger, the real power in the country at the time, needed the Chancellor's retirement just then for purposes of his own. He gave the word, and Bethmann-Hollweg went.

Michaelis, who succeeded, had been a successful civil servant; he made a most unsuccessful Chancellor. He was only a couple of weeks in office when an impolitic remark in a public speech lost him the confidence of the Reichstag. Henceforth he was a marked tree whose felling awaited only the woodman's convenience.

With Hertling things were different. His high character, his distinguished career as a scholar and a statesman won for him respect even in G.H.Q. Ludendorff at first treated him with marked consideration. After a while, however, he became convinced that Hertling was following the "weak" policy of his predecessor, and reverted to his old habits of interference. Hertling met this with a very decided move. He had the competency of the army command committed to writing and approved by the Kaiser. Ludendorff and Hindenburg were informed that

it was their privilege and their duty to command the forces of the country in the field. As commanders they might, if they thought fit, tender counsel, suggestions and warnings to the Government. When they had done that, they should pay attention to their business and let the Chancellor, who had the final responsibility, take the final decision. Ludendorff's rage at this affront was terrible to behold. His henchmen on the General Staff approached him with the proposal that he should declare a dictatorship at once, with himself as dictator. He weighed the possibilities carefully, and concluded that the scheme would not work. To lead the army he had to stay at the front; to rule the country as dictator he would have perforce to stay at Berlin. It was physically impossible for one man to play both parts with success. In addition there was the opposition of Hindenburg, who could not conceal his disgust for the whole scheme.

His only hope of having his views adopted lay now in a sweeping military victory. For this preparations on a colossal scale were made. Meanwhile his zeal for interference in political matters continued unabated. He tried to treat Austria as if it were a German colony, and spoke with open contempt of the Emperor, his clerical Empress and his Italian brother-in-law, Prince Sixtus. He refused to let Bulgaria have the Dobrudscha in the Bucharest Treaty, and thus paved the way for an anti-German government in Sofia, which finally capitulated to the Allies. He reprimanded Turkish ministers and commanders for their prehistoric agricultural system and their utter lack of military organisation. The Turks treated his complaints with oriental indifference, and went off on a plundering expedition to the Caucasus. He accused Czernin of swimming in Bolschevik waters at Brest-Litovsk when that skilful diplomat was showing the same enthusiasm for Trotsky as the Allies showed for Wilson, and with good hopes of similar results. Ludendorff would finish matters in a few minutes by presenting the Bol-

scheviks with a treaty settling everything in Germany's favour, and if they did not sign it, marching at once to Petrograd and Moscow. Belgium he would like to annex so as to have ideal security for the industries in the Rhineland and Westphalia, but would be content at a pinch with complete military and economic domination. His overseas programme followed the same lines. Hertling, like Bethmann-Hollweg, disapproved of all this, maintaining that what Germany needed was a reasonable peace which would guarantee her free development and safety. Hertling's "reasonable" was to Ludendorff a "helot" peace, so that no understanding between the two was possible. Whether Ludendorff would have contented himself with "moderate" gains in case of complete success is, of course, doubtful. Victory is a notorious incentive to gluttonous territorial appetites—an old fact, of which Versailles was to give a new proof.

Ludendorff realised that all for him depended on the great offensive of 1918. His masterly conduct of the campaign is admitted by his enemies. The plan of separating the English from the French army and annihilating each in turn was rich in possibilities. It failed because of his insufficient reserves. Availing of their excellent railway communications, the Allies could at short notice bring reserves in enormous numbers to stop a German advance. Thus the first offensive in March and April was soon brought to a standstill. So with the second in May. The third great effort on July 15 failed almost from the beginning. Nothing daunted, Ludendorff prepared for a fourth great attack. It was, however, already too late. By May 1 ten divisions, or 300,000 men, had reached France from America. On July 15 the number had grown to 25 divisions. The French were able to open a counter-offensive at Villers-Cotterets on July 18. On August 18 a French and English attack actually broke through the German lines. The bad *moral* of the German troops was responsible for this mishap. Many threw away their arms

and surrendered without striking a blow. It will be remembered that large sections of the army were now composed of weak youths of nineteen, who had arrived only a couple of months before from a half-starved and bleeding Germany. Foch saw his opportunity, and soon had a general attack along the whole front in full swing. This made it impossible to use the weak German reserves with success at any one point. Thenceforth misfortunes fell thick as hail on the retreating German army. The retirement continued in good order until the revolution broke out. This started with the Navy, from which the best elements had been taken to man the U-boats. A rumour that the rest were to be sacrificed in a sea fight to save Germany's honour set the fire ablaze. Efforts to hurry on peace made, naturally, little headway against the victorious Allies. On October 4 came the War-Cabinet, more correctly the Peace-at-any-price Cabinet. Ludendorff found himself in an excruciating position, compelled by events to concede almost everything, prevented by his nature from conceding anything. He clamoured for peace, but changed his mind on realising what Wilson's terms meant. Better, he thought, to fight to the last man, to save the country's honour rather than compromise it for generations by submitting to conditionless surrender. This meant that the war must continue. The people, however, preferred the end of the war with desolation to desolation without the end. On October 26 Ludendorff was dismissed. The army capitulated to avoid annihilation.

Nobody will deny the greatness of Ludendorff's military gifts. He had all that magnificence of concept, fertility of resource, coolness, self-assurance and strength of will which go to make a great general. The German people generally believe that, if forced to rely on even the best of the Allied generals, they would not have survived six months of war; and one can understand their claim. Equally remarkable in Ludendorff was his lack of states-

manlike qualities; though, to judge from his conduct as Commander-in-Chief, he seemed anxious to go down to posterity rather as a statesman than as a soldier. His country is now paying the penalty of his blindness. The statesman's first duty is to see that his country can live. That is a primary stage which must be reached, and for which no price is too great to pay. Blood and treasure must be given unstintingly until it is put beyond reasonable doubt. Thereafter progress must be within the measure of the possible. High ideals and noble aims must be kept before the country; but the people who have to live and toil and suffer must not be asked to sacrifice too much and too speedily. That Ludendorff could not grasp. He wanted to put Germany at once on the pinnacle of glory as the leading world power. That was not a necessity but a luxury for the German people. Their true statesmen were not willing to jeopardise everything to secure it. They hoped, like Czernin, to reach a strong position with their arms, then offer unexpectedly commonsense terms and have them accepted by their enemies. It is well known that this aim was almost realised once or twice during the war. Ludendorff played a fateful part in making it impossible. He had his own ambitious idea of what the future Germany should be, and he tried to carry it through at the point of the sword. He did not realise that he was acting at once against the wishes and against the interests of his people. He asked of them more than they could give. A spirited horse put beyond its powers will grow vicious. The German people grew vicious beneath their burthen. That is the secret of the revolution, not Northcliffe nor socialist propaganda, though both doubtless contributed their quota to it. Ludendorff gambled with his country's future. He risked all and lost all. As a brilliant pupil of Moltke and Schlieffen his name will be held in honour. As a disciple of the Iron Chancellor and a would-be follower of his tradition, he will live in history as a tragic failure.

JOHN RYAN.

DRAMATIC IDEALS OF TO-DAY.

BY PETER MCBRIEN.

IT is not possible to mention the name of a perfect play. A well-known passage in Browning's *Andrea del Sarto* tells why no man can create a perfect work of art. It expresses the unceasing and pathetic struggle between the real and the ideal, between the reach and the grasp, which is one of the most forcible arguments for man's immortality. On the other hand, without a geometrically progressive striving after the ideal, one great artist handing on his work as an inheritance to those who follow him, and so on down to remotest posterity, art would perish. For it would be divorced from the actual world, which is ever progressing. Such a divorce some artists, Mr. Yeats for example, appeal for. "I want," he says,[1] "to create for myself an unpopular theatre and an audience like a secret society where admission is by favour." An audience of fifty, in fact.

This aim, stated so nakedly, challenges the ideals of all the great dramatic art of the West. Shakespeare, Corneille, Schiller, Ibsen sought for themselves a big audience whose interest, admittedly aesthetic, they but momentarily snatched from the sordid or superb realities around them. Moreover, their drama springs straight out of reality. The men who wrote that drama, Molière in particular, have stated their ideals in plain words that can be understood by plain men. The great rule of all rules, says Molière,[2] is to please. To please the parterre,

[1] A Letter to Lady Gregory. The *Irish Statesman*, 6th December, 1919.

[2] *La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, Sc. 7.

that is, the ordinary cultured public and not such an esoteric clique as Mr. Yeats craves for. Dorante, who is Molière's mouthpiece, is the "défenseur du parterre."

In the sense in which we speak of a portrait-painter's idealisation of his subject, Mr. Yeats idealises life in his plays, and the result is that, compared with the living flesh and blood that you meet in Synge's *Playboy* or Shaw's *Man and Superman*, it is ghosts that glide across the *King's Threshold*.

"I that was man
With a man's heart, am now all king again,"

says the king in the *King's Threshold*, and you do not believe him. But how you feel the king in that mad citizen Antony who pours out his heart over the dead Caesar in a pun! Therefore Mr. Yeats's drama is not great art, for great art is always humanly alive. Kathleen ni Houlihan is a peerless lyric transferred from the library to the stage.

The ideals that Mr. Yeats copies his dramas from are no less insubstantial than the figures he creates, though the word *creates* is inaccurate since he has no creative power. What, then, are these dramatic ideals from which his very nature led Mr. Yeats away, but which the playwrights of to-day are gradually bringing into a closer combination, a seamless garment, as it were?

Separate, or in a union considerably less imperfect than that of the traditional classic, they are to be found in the best examples of modern Anglo-Irish dramatic literature—Synge, Padraic Colum, T. C. Murray, Dunsany. As Mr. Lennox Robinson suggested when he was reviewing Conrad's *Arrow of Gold*, an artist is not true to himself if he takes his work easy. He must keep reaching out at the ideal, fall he ever so short of it. This constant straining after the ideal, or rather combination of ideals, is noticeable in the best of the modern Anglo-Irish dramatists, and that is why I ventured to prophesy two years ago[1] that it

[1] *Studies*, March, 1919.

will not be long before we shall witness the blazing noon of Anglo-Irish drama. Its night will probably be followed by the sunrise of a Gaelic literature pure and simple.

The dramatic ideals these writers strive after are: a characterisation that is convincing, an atmosphere without "pockets," a plot that is organic; and not one of these, but a complete harmony of all three. These words are as plain as Molière's, though to a Molière they would mean and feel more than to you or me. You generally meet them by themselves, not welded into a perfect alloy. There is great creative power in Ibsen's *Doll's House* or T. C. Murray's *Briery Gap*; a heady strength of atmosphere, well sustained, in Synge's *Riders to the Sea* or Dunsany's *Queen's Enemies*; a competent architecture in Ibsen's *Ghosts* or Shaw's *You Never Can Tell*; but perfect dramatic art connotes a harmonisation of the three.

Failure registers itself most frequently in regard to plot. The plot tends to become a mechanism rather than an organism. An effort to stress the vital issue verges towards a mere tableau vivant; an effort to portray the organic nature of society, on the other hand, produces a meticulous overloading of details. Mr. Max Beerbohm has properly said of English black-and-white artists that they spoil their work by over-elaboration in incidentals. Such elaboration lessens the emphasis that should be laid on the heart of the picture's problem. It is vulgar; and of a piece with it is that execrable taste that made Shakespeare put long speeches into the mouth of Salanio and Salarino, and Ben Jonson kill the spirit of his drama with the letter of his Latin learning. It is discordant. It is as if Moses in the *School for Scandal* were to explain to Sir Oliver Surface the ethical principles of the synagogue before they hatched the scheme to discover Joseph's hypocrisy. There are many illustrations of this discordance in *John Bull's Other Island*—it is most conscientiously avoided in the best work of Mr. St. John Irvine.

With characterisation it is different. Creative power

can be killed ; it cannot be made. It is a thing of heart, not of head. "The man who listens to reasons, is lost," says Bernard Shaw, and of no man is this so true as of the dramatist. Heart and imagination give life to Lennox Robinson's *Lost Leader.* Great imagination is constructive, and, above all, it quarries in the actual world around us. It wanders off into no palace built by Kubla Khan. Its achievements have the definiteness, the pulsation, the individuality of a live man or woman, and its power is measured by the accuracy with which it can see the road along which a man or woman is led by Circumstance, or Fate, or the Gods—whatever name the plot may give his or her protagonist. The ideal drama tones the black and white lines of its portraiture, not into subservience to, but into harmony with, the struggle between the principal actors on the one hand and Fate on the other.

For, even in comedy, Conflict is the essence of the plot, suspense and irony being its inevitable devices. So that every sentence of the perfect play, up to the denoûment must hold the audience agog, as is almost the case in *Les Avariés*, whose technical development Bernard Shaw compares[1] to that of the Sophoclean drama. Indeed, one almost might define drama as the representation of spiritual conflict on a stage. This conflict takes on an infinity of shapes, and, no doubt, is only an etherealisation of those spectacles that once disgraced the Colosseum at Rome. In *Man and Superman* it is a struggle against Convention ; in *Riders to the Sea* against Nature ; in the *School for Scandal* against Social Hypocrisy ; in Dunsany's *Night at an Inn* against Fate. In passing, one may say that the sense of an enfolding Fate pervades Lord Dunsany's plays as it does no others since the time of the Greek dramatists. It is the onesidedness of the struggle he lets loose which mars what would otherwise be faultless

[1] Lecture at Oxford Exam. Hall, 28th February, 1913. Shaw says that Brieux does not cloud the tremendous issue by irony : he must mean the irony of circumstance.

cameo-work. His characters are dwarfed by the presence of an irresistible doom.

As the conflict is a spiritual one, it is irrelevant to speak with contempt of the play with a purpose. You might as well say that the mechanism of a revolver changes its nature when it passes from the hand of a civilian to the hand of a policeman because in this last case it becomes an instrument of the law. In a large sense it does assume a higher purpose and service, but in itself it remains unaltered. Originally the talk about art for art's sake was a gesture of disgust at the marionette-like unreality which didacticism had introduced upon the stage in the 18th and 19th centuries. When, however, it is carried so far as to call *Blight*[1] a pamphlet, then it has become the *cliché* of a passing crowd who are unaccustomed to penetrate beneath the surface of a name to its meaning. Certainly the fact that *Athalie*, the divine play of French literature, was written for the girls in S. Cyr detracts in no way from my enjoyment of the play. Is there any advocate of art for art's sake who would regard the Cathedral of Christ Church as more beautiful if it had not been built to house Someone ?

It is another thing altogether when you are told that a play was written to be read. I have heard it said of Yeats's plays that they make "good reading," as indeed they do. But to say of a play that it is good but will never get across the footlights is just as if you were to say of a Damascus blade that it is only suitable as a wall-decoration. A play should be written to please others, not the author's self. From his coming audience the dramatist draws part of his atmosphere. There is no such thing as a great play that will not please a cultured audience. Sans audience you may have literature, but not a drama. *Culture* is a relative term. Culture of a certain kind knows what sonority Oscar Asche as Jaques[2] can get out of the line :

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[1] *Blight : A Tragedy of Dublin.* By Alpha and Omega. (Talbot Press, 1917).

[2] The same cultured reader would pronounce this Jake-ess.

Sanze teeth, sanze eyes, sanze taste, sanze everything. Such culture is uncalled for in Molière's parterre.

But the audience must have some culture. In the days of *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* doctors were, says M. Robert de Flers, "fort eloignés des choses du théâtre." Likewise peasants do not come to the Abbey Theatre to enjoy looking at themselves through the eyeglasses of Boyle and Padraic Colum and Synge. Such writers draw part of their atmosphere from the culture of the parterre.

There are two atmospheres in a great play, subtly interwoven. One of them is drawn out of, determined or informed by, the audience. It is the play's appeal to the world around. It governs the rhythm, the idiom, the ellipses of style. The possession of a very definite kind of culture on the part of the audience, for example, is necessary for the appreciation of what Mr. Ernest Boyd justly describes[1] as "the fine primitive poetry" of the amorous passages between Pegeen Mike and Christy in the *Playboy*. The belief that he could get such an audience gave Synge his stimulus. It is the absence of this appeal to the parterre that makes a failure of the plays of Yeats. When he sufficiently realises this, he gets his meed of popularity. Thus *Kathleen ni Houlihan* is international politics. Because his *King's Threshold* was an answer to the bitter criticisms thrown at Synge's *Shadow of the Glen* it drew from its audience a little reality of passion, and this gave it a pale dramatic life. There is not enough dramatic, as distinct from lyrical, conviction in figures like Seanchan to please a dozen in an average audience. This the work of Synge, Murray, Lennox Robinson, Colum shows that they saw. These men are the servants of the public. They are the disciples of Dorante. As was Shakespeare when he put into the mouth of Antony the idiom of Sir Christopher Hatton. Indeed, the dictatorship of the Elizabethan pit is all over Shakespeare's work. "The

[1] *Contemporary Drama of Ireland.* (Talbot Press, 1918).

graveyard scene in *Hamlet*," says Mr. George Moore,[1] "was not written to set the audience giggling." Mr. Moore is, I think, wrong. That scene, like the Porter scene in *Macbeth*, is an index of the influence of his audience upon a sensitive dramatist, and Mr. Moore's contention is one more example of the subjectivity gone mad of modern Shakesperian criticism.

The other atmosphere is that climatic and chronological thing that might be called *local color*. It is Connaught beaten by the Atlantic in *Riders to the Sea*, it is the pagan Orient in the *Queen's Enemies*. The farther back it goes in history, the easier is it for the author to accomplish. You have a whole string of *Deirdres*; there is only one *Playboy*. Incompetence and unimaginativeness are impatient of immediate externalities. They cannot see the romance at their own hearth; "it is very common," Mr. Frank Swinnerton says with truth, "for young writers to react against the prosaic, and in so reacting to suppose that they do it because they are more imaginative than the realists." The difficulty of playwriting is greatest when the chronological atmosphere of the drama is identical with the atmosphere in which the parterre lives, moves, and has its being, and the "commercial theatre" of Brieux and Shaw calls for more splendid imaginative power than all the *Deirdres* or *Dervorgillas* that were ever penned.

This difficulty will increase as general education levels upward. Aptitude for dramatic criticism is low enough in Ireland; in England it is even lower still. How far Mr. John Masefield's enthusiastic praise of Professor Baker's dramatic work at Harvard is justified I do not know. As an instrument in a branch of national culture it should not be overlooked. But when the day comes that every boy and girl gets a liberal education atmosphere will be the supremest difficulty of the great dramatist.

At present it is too often achieved by voluminous stage

[1] Gosse in *Gosse and Moore*.

direction, carried out elaborately and sometimes with the very gorgeousness of genius by the stage-manager. These devices have been called adventitious and even surreptitious. However, the controversy as to how far a dramatist may call in the aid of the actor, the stage-manager, and the descriptive stage-direction to help him out in the realisation of his atmosphere and characters is too important for me to enter upon here. A great actor often finds depths of wealth in the dramatis personæ that their creator himself never suspected. It is good, therefore, for the playwright to be an actor, better still to be an actor-manager, but the triple combination would crush the originality out of anyone less than a superman. Molière and Shakespeare were actors. Yet no one would be so amazed as a resurrected Shakespeare at the diverse interpretations that have been given of his Shylock or Iago.

In their obvious preoccupation with this aspect of dramatic work lies, I think, the promise of the modern Irish school.

PETER MCBRIEN.

CORRUPTIO PESSIMI OPTIMA.

DESPAIR not if with the inward-seeking eye
Of penitent meditation thou canst trace
Within thee nothing but the meeting-place
For all corruption; if within thee lie
The slaughterhouse, the common-fosse, the sty;
And still, the more the suns and rains of grace
Are busy about it, so much more the case
Grows helpless, letting filthier venoms fly.

For sweetest things in nature have their growth
From putrefaction. Whence do roses brew
Their delicate breath and coil their silken shape?
From rottenness. And the vine-root, nothing loth,
Drinks of the shamble-stuff (though purest dew
Christen the vine) and breeds the holier grape.

JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLIMORE.

THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

"OUR Father," say; and then,
"Our Father," once again.

Let all earthly things go by.
Bear thy body quietly;
In God's Hand it may not stir:
So Christ lay in the sepulchre.

Let thy heart go out. Alone
Through the wilderness unknown
Journeying, its resting-place,
By God's mercy, in His grace
Shall be. Go forth, unafraid:
So Christ went and so He prayed.

Set thy Spirit free. The Breath
Of God shall waver not for death.

Worship in thy soul. He will
Come in Person. Oh, be still!
Entrance give to Him. Believe
This Guest thou dost receive.—

When thou comest again to take
Up thy cross for His sole sake,
Turn not suddenly, but come
Gently to thy body home.
"Our Father," say; and then,
"Glory be to God! Amen."

VERA GOODWIN.

THE PIPER.

WITH God's cool air and little empty reeds
He makes sweet melodies wait on his will,
Out-sings the garrulous river in the meads,
Calls into being echoes from the hill.

As sole creator by his potent lips
  Pressed to his fragile instrument, he hears—
While the wind in-blown, out-blown softly slips—
  Unearthly harmonies of other spheres.

At will he wakes to song the woods around,
  Breathing his soul the hollow pipe upon ;
At will he ceases, and the world of sound
  Falls into silence and oblivion.

Thus God, Creator, by the Spirit's breath,
  Draws from His Word creative strains that make
The sweetest harmonies of life and death,
  And infinite eternal echoes wake.

By Him the robin as the seraph sings ;
  His to call forth from chaos and sustain
The rapturous chorus of created things,
  Lest they fall back to nothingness again.

M. S. Jerome.

DAWN.

SOMETHING fluttered the breeze
  That was sleeping only now,
Touched swaying leaf and bough,
And from the dewy fingers of the trees
Hung sudden silver rosaries.
Something whispered the fields,
They stirred as the slumberer waking stirs,
And the unwinking spider was aware
Of a million diamonds on the filmy shields
He hung last night on the furze.
Something sent from the sky
Through the listening spaces of air,
A sound that sighed and was gone.

And I heard a step go by
As a wind might stir in the trees and pass,
And saw the shimmering robe of dawn,
And the feet of dawn on the shining grass.

Cathaoir O Braonain.

UNPUBLISHED IRISH POEMS.

XVIII.—The Phantom.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR OSBORN BERGIN, PH.D.

THE following mysterious verses are found in two MSS., Book of O'Conor Don (C), 24a, and 23 D 4 (D), R.I.A., p. 384. In D §11 follows 10, 13 follows 14, and §§5, 9, 15 and 16 are wanting. In C the author's name is given as O Heóghusa (Eochaidh), for whom see Nos. 4 and 15 in this series. If my solution of the riddle in the last quatrain is right, the ascription must be wrong.

It is apparently a love poem, in which the poet gravely argues that, having been slain by an angelic vision, he must really be dead. He does not, however, wish to be restored to life. In Professor O'Rahilly's *Dánta Grádha* there is an amusing poem by Cú Chonnacht O Cléirigh, ridiculing the conventional exaggerations of love poems, and maintaining that, as for him, love has left his appetite and his wits unimpaired. In that poem, too, there is a riddling stanza concealing the lady's name. It would not be strange if both poems had a common author, for poets have ever been given to feigning, and can argue on either side of a case.

For a copy of C I have to thank Miss Eleanor Knott.

O Heóghusa .i. Eochaidh cct.

1. Ní mé bhur n-aithne, a aos gráidh,
ná sginnidh re sgáth seachráin :
fúar dár seisi im ionad ionn,[1]
spiorad[2] mheisi nach maireann.[3]

2. An dóibh libh, a lucht[4] m'fhéghtha,
nach taidhbhsi a ttruaill aiértha,
nó spiorad[2] anma fhallsa,
tarla im ionad agamsa ?

3. A aithne as éidir dhamhsa,[5]
sibh gan fhíacha[6] oramsa :
dá mbeth cás fám ég oruibh,
mo bhás créd nach cúalabhair ?[7]

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[1] inn C, sinn D. [2] spiorath C, spioraidt D. [3] mairinn C. [4] los D.
[5] liomsa C. [6] dá bhféachadh sibh D. [7] ccúalabhair C.

4. Trúagh sin, a dhaoine dona,
do cláochlódh bhur ccédfadha ;
as eadh tharla am ainmsi ann,
taidhbhsi anma gan anam.

5.[1] Ní misi an duine as dóich libh,
adhradh dhamh as díth creidimh :
taidhbhsi buile gan aird inn,
a Mhuire ! as mairg do mhillfinn.

6. Dá bféchtha[2] fir na cruinne,
annamh fúair dúil daonaidhe[3]
dá ré ar an saoghal acht sinn—
do náomhadh mé má mhairim.

7. Gidh bé adéradh nach deachadh,
ní fhuil ann acht aimseachadh :
ní[4] tráth damhsa a rádha rom,[5]
cára almsa rem[6] anam.

8. Creidim féin go bfuaras bás,
cumhain liom an lá theasdás,
ar son an mhéda[7] mharas,
ag cor mh'éga a n-amharas.

9. Ní hanbhúain, ní hiomlat mbáis,
rom mharbhsa, acht meisci shóláis :
ní sgís meanma—ga mó broid ?—
ní ró teadhma ná treabhloid.

10. Más dúil do dhúilibh nimhe
tug lé taibhreadh[8] n-ainglidhi
goid mh'anma gan iodhna[9] báis,
iongna[10] damhna mo dhóláis.

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[1] *om.* D. [2] bhfeachtaoi D. [3] dhaonduighe C, daonuighe D.
[4] snach D. [5] riom C. [6] lém D. [7] an mhéd C, a mhéada D.
[8] tibriodh C. [9] íodhnoibh C, re níogna mbáis D.
[10] iongn*adh* C, diongna D.

11. A radharc ó ránuig sinn,
uch, a Chríost ! créd fá mairfinn ?
dúil do mharbh an uile fhear,
as duine marbh nach muirbhfeadh.

12. Ní tonn líonmhar leanna duibh,
ní neamhgrádh neith ar talmhain,
ní hannsa duine—ga dás ?—
rom dhallsa[1] uile acht úathbhás.

13. Ar n-éirghe as an[2] riocht reimhe—
creididh[3] sinn go simplidhe :
do mharbh sé don úamhain [4] inn—
do-chualaidh[5] mé go mairim.

14. A hégosg ní fhidir mé,
ní fhéd súil silleadh uirrthi :
a hamharc gin gur fhéd[6] sinn,
a radharc do fhég[7] mh'inntinn.

15.[8] O's síabhradh meallta meisi,
gan súil éirghe ón ainccisi,
nár fhaice súil éinfhir[9] í,
an dúil chéillidh[10] ad-chluintí.

16.[8] Ar ttaithbheóadh suil tí dhi,
Día dár n-anacal uirrthi :
ní tharla cás roimhe rinn,
an bás oile 'nar n-oirchill.

17. Cíall mh'anma an uair do mharas,[11]
tearc eólach 'na amharas : [12]
sadh[13] gá mbí ciall agus cruth
iar[14] agus í gan fholach.

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[1] marbhsa D. [2] ón C. [3] -igh C. [4] uamhan CD. [5] -chuala CD.
[6] éd C, fhéad D. [7] fhegh C, éag D. [8] *om.* D. [9] anduine C. [10] coll*aidh*i C.
[11] mhaireas D. [12] amhaireas D. [13] sagh C. [14] ciall D.

Translation.

1. I am not he whom you know, my friends. Start not in false alarm. Cold is he whose mate I am in my place ; I am a spirit that lives no more.
2. Think ye, O ye who look upon me, that it is not a phantom in an airy shroud, or the spirit of a false name[1] that has come in my stead ?
3. I may know that I am not in your debt : if my death would bring you trouble, why have ye not heard thereof ?
4. Alas ! ye wretched folk, your senses have been altered : what is here in my name is the phantom of a name[1] without a soul.
5. I am not the man ye think : respect shown to me is a loss of faith. I am a poor crazy phantom. O Mary ! woe to him whom I should ruin.
6. Should one consider all the men in the world, seldom has any human being save me got two periods on earth. If I live, I have been canonized.
7. Whoever should say that I have not departed, that is only a conjecture. To tell me so is untimely ; more fitting were alms for my soul.
8. I myself believe that I am dead ; I remember the day I died, despite the number that live throwing doubt upon my death.
9. It was no disturbance nor deadly quarrel that slew me, but intoxication of delight ; no depression of spirit (what greater affliction ?), no excess of sickness nor suffering.
10. If it was a creature of heaven that by an angelic vision caused my soul to be stolen without the pangs of death, strange is the ground for my misery.
11. Since I came in sight of her,[2] ah Christ ! why should I live ?—a creature that has slain every man, only a dead man would she[2] not slay.
12. It was not a swelling wave of melancholy, not dislike of anything on earth, nor love of anyone, in short, that blinded me, but terror !
13. Arisen from my former state (believe me simply : it killed me with fear) I have heard that I am alive.
14. I know not her appearance : no eye can look upon her. Though I could not gaze upon her, my mind beheld the sight of her.
15. Since I am a deluded spectre, without hope of escaping from this misery, may no man's eye see her—this rational (?) creature ye hear of.[3]
16. Ere she restore me to life, God defend me from her ! I have encountered no (real) hardship before the second death that awaits me.
17. The meaning of my name when I lived is doubtful to few scholars. Take a bitch with sense and beauty, not hidden.[4]

OSBORN BERGIN.

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[1] Or "soul."

[2] Or "it." Here as in §§ 14, 15 and 16, the gender may be due to the fem. *dúil*, "creature." The language is purposely ambiguous.

[3] The third and fourth lines are unmetrical in the MS., and the emendation and translation doubtful.

[4] *sadh*=*cú*, *ciall* = *conn*, *gan fholach* = *nocht*. This gives the names *Cú Chonnacht*. Such word-play is not uncommon in the later poets.

THE ORIGINS OF GREECE: AN EPOCH IN MODERN RESEARCH.

BY MICHAEL TIERNEY, M.A.
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SIR ARTHUR EVANS: *The Palace of Minos at Knossos.* Vol. I. (Macmillan, 1921).
C. W. BLEGEN: *Korakou. A Prehistoric Settlement near Corinth.* (American School at Athens, 1922).
DIEDRICH FIMMEN: *Die Kretisch-Mykenische Kultur.* (Leipzig: Teubner, 1921).

WHEN Keats spoke of his feeling of glamour on first reading Chapman's *Homer*, he compared it to the wonder of an astronomer who has discovered a new star, or of Cortes when a continent lay virgin at his feet. Had he lived in our day he might have used for even more appropriate comparison the enthusiasm of an archaeologist who has helped to lay bare the forgotten treasures of the civilisation that Homer sang. But he wrote before the spade had become a potent instrument of discovery, before even Champollion had unravelled the secrets of Egypt or Grotefend's calculations had borne their fruit in Chaldaea. Nowadays the charm of pioneering in archaeology is almost exhausted; it has become a science, exact and methodical, and therefore dreaded. Yet a retrospect of its achievements in perhaps the most romantic of its spheres may still be of interest, now that they may be finally measured. For though archaeology in Greece had its beginnings far back with Boeckh and K. O. Müller, its prehistoric discoveries have been more recent, and came upon the world more surprisingly than the patient deduc-

tions of Egyptian and Mesopotamian researches; and Heinrich Schliemann, himself a veritable figure of romance, who made a fortune as an aid to the Homeric enthusiasm of his boyhood, could claim an éclat scarcely less than that of a Cortes when he suddenly telegraphed to King George of Greece that he had unearthed the relics of his majesty's predecessor, Agamemnon.

The more than scholarly enthusiasm of Schliemann threw light upon the darkness which had baffled generations of scholars. His excavations at Troy, Tiryns, Mycenae, and Orchomenos made the world of Homer a reality, and for twenty years after him little was done but to extend slightly the bounds of his discovery. Dörpfeld showed that he had not rightly recognised Homeric Troy, and Tsúndas and others brought order into his work at Mycenae. The conception of a "Mycenaean Age" antecedent to classical Greece, an age when men used bronze weapons and built mighty palace-fortresses, imposed itself upon historians instead of the dim legendary outline with which they had previously filled the first chapters of their histories. The beginnings of Greek and European civilisation were seen to stretch back long before 776 B.C., and to have connections with Egypt and Asia Minor; but no one knew whence came the sudden bloom of Mycenae nor did anyone suspect how very far back it was still necessary to trace the origins of Greece.

The seventies of the last century were filled with the discoveries of Schliemann; it was not till after 1895 that it became evident that there was much to be added to them, and that attention came to be turned on Crete as having something to contribute to the story. Stray discoveries in Cretan caves led Arthur Evans, an English archaeologist, to seek the site of Knossos, the home of Minos, who was famed in Greek legend as a mighty prehistoric sea-king. His excavations there lasted from 1900 to 1905, and put the finishing touch to the work of Schliemann. More scientific and hardly less enthusiastic than

Schliemann, Evans has reconstructed from the débris of Minos' long-buried palace a surprisingly vivid and immensely important chapter of European history, which has in many ways given a new orientation to all Greek studies, and completely changed the views of most Greek scholars as to the origin of Hellenic art and civilisation. Alongside of Evans there worked in Crete Italian and American scholars, whose researches laid bare many other centres of prehistoric life, including a town, palaces, and innumerable cemeteries, dating back to 2800 B.C. Early Greek history is now seen to have been rather the renaissance of a very old than the emergence of a totally new culture, and it has become possible to account in terms of history for the hitherto inexplicable superiority of the Greeks. Later researches, such as those of the British School of Athens in Melos, of Wace and Thompson in Thessaly, and of the Americans in Corinth (the results of which have only just been published in their entirety) have shown the relations of prehistoric Greece and Crete, and make clear the various stages through which Cretan civilisation passed over the Aegaean islands to the mainland, there to flourish and expand for a few centuries, till it decayed in the welter of successive movements of new Greek tribes from the North.

In Neolithic times Greece and the Aegaean islands, as well as the seaboard of Asia Minor, were probably inhabited by the same race, and as far as can be known their rudimentary culture was the same. The Bronze Age begins in Crete, the islands, and southern Greece at about 2800 B.C. The direction of its progress was from south to north, and in continental Greece the characteristic bronze age pottery and weapons did not get further north than southern Thessaly till after 1600. At first the pottery, which is the chief chronological guide, was similar all over this area, then gradually Crete, under Egyptian influence, developed a highly individual and artistic culture, which followed its own course for nearly a thousand years. The

islands and southern Greece remained outside Cretan influence till after 2000 B.C., when Crete gradually began to affect first the Cyclades, and then nearly 500 years later became dominant in Greece, and from thence all over the Aegaean, spreading its products to the coast of Asia Minor and westward to the Ionian Sea and Sicily. In the latest phase of this expansion, between 1600 and 1200 B.C., there flourished the civilisation which is depicted for us from tradition by the Homeric poems. It is now possible for us to follow this process of expansion independently in each stage from its origin in Crete to its culmination in Mycenae and Tiryns.

Sir Arthur Evans has just published a magnificent monograph dealing with the origin and development of Cretan civilisation down to the beginning of its last phase. By careful observation he has been enabled to subdivide this development into three great periods, and by synchronism with Egyptian history through Egyptian objects found in Crete and Cretan objects found in Egyptian tombs, to assign approximate dates to these. He has further subdivided the three periods into three each, thus making nine periods in all; but these subdivisions are based on matters of great detail, and shade off into each other so imperceptibly that they are of interest only to specialists. The whole course of Cretan civilisation he has named Minoan, from the great sea-king Minos of later Greek legend; and he calls his three periods Early, Middle and Late Minoan. The first of these periods is confined to Crete, in the second the Cyclades come within the Cretan orbit, and during the third takes place the expansion to Greece. In Greece itself and in the Cyclades the researches of Blegen, Wace, and Dawkins have established corresponding periods, which as we shall see are of much importance as showing the gradual change of conditions there.

Crete seems to have been given its first impulse towards an individual development by influence from Egypt, where

the arts had an almost immemorial origin. Whether this influence came by way of trade or settlement from the Nile delta it is impossible to say. There is at any rate evidence for the latter in what is known of the race which inhabited Crete in the Bronze Age. The earliest advances in Crete are marked by the prevalence of a beautiful kind of stone vases, like but often superior to Egyptian, and by a gradual development in the ornamentation of earthen pottery. It is possible also to see in Crete in the earliest Minoan period great progress in architecture of a simple kind. It is only, however, in the second period (after 2,200) that these developments reach an unequalled height. The site at Knossos excavated by Sir Arthur Evans does not yield for the Early Minoan Epoch objects equal in quality to those discovered later in Eastern Crete by the American archaeologist Seager. But Knossos was occupied at this date, a number of detached buildings being grouped round a central court. These buildings grew in the second period into a great complex palace, which was at once abode, sanctuary and treasury of the island kings. It was never elaborately fortified, and not at all in this period, when the sea-power of the Cretan kings must have been considerable. That there was great sea-borne traffic even at this early date has been proved by the discovery of a vast harbour on the north coast of Egypt dating from the time of the XIIth Dynasty, and now buried beneath the sea. At this time also another palace grew up in the great southern plain of Crete, at Phaestos; whether it was owned by the lords of Knossos we cannot tell.

Round about 2000 B.C. this second period of Cretan development reached a magnificent climax. It had gradually evolved one of the most beautiful types of pottery ever known, painted with many bright colours on a lustrous dark ground, a fineness so great that it has been called "egg-shell." It had brought to a high pitch the arts of fresco-painting and mosaic, which remained

always a chief feature of Minoan architecture. It had developed from the simple oval or rectangular huts of the Stone Age high many-windowed houses of a surprisingly modern type, with bath-rooms and a complicated water-supply, built upon well-paved streets. It had made a beginning in the artistic treatment of the precious metals, ivory and jewellery, and in smaller kinds of sculpture. In every respect it had advanced on its own lines far beyond Egyptian tutelage. At some time after 1800 the palaces at Knossos and Phaestos were destroyed and rebuilt, and their rebuilding marks a still further advance. The palace of Knossos in particular now takes on the appearance which caused it to be handed down in Greek legend as the "labyrinth," the home of the terrible Minotaur whom Theseus slew. A new domestic quarter was added to it at the eastern side of the central court, with several great halls, three stories, a grand staircase, and a most intricate system of drainage, outstripping in engineering skill anything the Romans ever did, and not far removed from modern systems. The side of the palace nearest the sea was strengthened, and opposite the domestic quarter there grew up another complex of treasuries and shrines, the public part of the palace, in which Sir Arthur Evans discovered the remains of a great storehouse of oil for trade, and numerous objects in precious metals, notably a magnificent inlaid gaming-board and faience statuettes of the Mother-goddess whose priest the King was and to whom all this quarter was sacred. At this time also a system of writing, which the Cretans had possessed from the earliest age, reached its fullest development in a linear script, of which innumerable examples have been found. The language of this writing is as yet unknown, but was in all probability not Greek. The pottery of this last phase of the middle period gradually gave up the earlier polychrome technique and began to adopt a system of painting dark on a light ground. Its ornamentation all through this period was highly

naturalistic, depicting especially marine plants and animals, and this naturalistic tendency reached its height in the second palace-period.

During these centuries, and especially after 1800, Cretan influence began to spread to the islands of the Aegaean and finally dominated them; one or two of the best examples of late Middle Minoan pottery come from the excavations at Phylakopi in Melos. The Cretan fleets must now have lorded over all these waters, and traces of Cretan civilisation are found in southern Greece. The fortifications of the palace gateway facing the sea is probably connected with the naval expansion of the kings of Knossos. With Egypt also close relations were kept up, and the oil which was probably the staple of Cretan trade was exchanged for Egyptian goods. The reorganisation of Egypt under the later dynasties of the Shepherd Kings has left a record in the name of one of them engraved on the lid of a Knossian jar.

About 1600 there was again a partial destruction and rebuilding at Knossos. The west side of the palace, the region of the shrines and treasuries, was remodelled, and a Hall of Audience built to face the central square. This rebuilding marks the beginning of the Late Minoan Period, in which Crete went through its last phase. Now was developed especially the art of fresco-painting. The new Throne Room was decorated with splendid frescoes of animals, and many fine examples of this art survive, notably a fresco from Aghia Triádha, in southern Crete (where there was a Royal Villa), which depicts a stealthy cat stalking pheasants. Now also Cretan sculpture was highly developed, both in ivory and terra-cotta, and the art of carving in relief. Of this last perhaps the most famous examples are the steatite vases with a procession of harvesters and a boxing-scene. The pottery develops new forms, the commonest type being the "false-necked" vase, and its ornamentation becomes less and less naturalistic and more conventional. During this period Minoan

products spread in great quantities to Greece, and it is highly probable that there took place a Cretan colonization of the mainland which occupied first Pylos, Mycenae and Tiryns, and later perhaps Orchomenos in Boeotia. At any rate continental Greece now becomes a centre of Minoan civilisation.

The second half of this period, after 1400 B.C., is the "Mycenaean" period properly so called. Knossos was again destroyed, this time thoroughly, and though later partly rebuilt, its place as centre and source was taken by Mycenae, Tiryns, and Orchomenos. Not only to Greece did the culture of the Late Minoan Crete extend in this its last period; it is highly probable that the city of Miletos in Asia Minor, so important in early Greek history as a centre of trade, the arts, science, and political life, goes back to a Cretan origin; and many later Greek colonies have yielded traces of an occupation well back in the second millennium by the bearers of Cretan civilisation.

Perhaps nowhere else is human curiosity confronted with so tantalising a problem as that presented by the Bronze Age in Crete. We have here recovered monuments without number, bearing witness to an extraordinary culture which in many ways reaches out beyond that even of classical Greece and Rome, and to which we owe the first beginnings of our own; yet though we can follow its development and its many ramifications, its actions on other lands and their counter-actions upon it, we are prevented, through lack of literary documents, from knowing anything of the personal human history which worked itself out during nearly two thousand years in such a splendid environment. The one royal name which we know of in all this history we derive from a later and often childish legend, and cannot say whether it was a personal name or a title like the Pharaoh of Egypt; we know nothing of the political life, the wars and revolutions, the legends and tradition, of this extraordinarily gifted

people. We may infer much as to their ways of life, customs, and especially their religion, from the monuments we possess, but our inference is never likely to be made into a certainty.

From the historical viewpoint, however, we can gain through Crete immense knowledge of Greek origins; and it has been already put beyond doubt that many things which the Greeks claimed to have discovered were in reality only rediscovered by them. An interesting, if minor, example is the seven-stringed lyre, which is depicted on Cretan carvings centuries before Terpander flourished. From the point of view of Greece also, what can be discovered of the Cretan religion is of great interest. We find in Crete a religion in which the house of the king is still the temple, and the divinity is a snake-goddess, with whom is associated a youthful god. They are worshipped also in the form of animals such as the bull, and have many sacred symbols—the double axe, the "Horns of Consecration," the sacral knot, the holy pillar, etc. This is a type of religion unlike the later Greek paganism of the city-state and the poets, but having much resemblance to the mystic rites which played so great a part among the common people. It is not improbable that much in Greek religion which was attributed to the North will now have an origin discovered for it in Crete; and Sir Arthur Evans shows good grounds for believing that Crete in its turn derived much in this respect from Egypt.

In another respect also our ideas as to early Greek life must be changed. The revelations as to the extent of Cretan trade and the long voyages which it encouraged must take much from the authority of a statement such as Beloch's that Greek shipping in the ninth and eight centuries was of too rudimentary a nature to allow of colonization for purposes of trade. The Cretan kings were certainly sea-kings, and owed their wealth and power to their trade overseas in oil and the products of their artists. A French scholar has lately maintained with considerable

plausibility that much of the activity attributed in Early Greek commerce and navigation to Phoenicians was really the activity of "Phoinikes" (red men) from Crete; and Sir Arthur Evans, following Fick, also inclines to accept this theory.

From Sir Arthur Evans's discoveries we can get a fairly full idea especially of the dress and customs of the Bronze Age Cretans. The men wore generally only a loincloth, which later became a sort of kilt; in the last phase of all we see them depicted on gems with a huge baggy trousers or apron, which reminds us piquantly of the remarkable modern Cretan garment with its immense tailpiece. The women wore in the period of fullest development a dress which again has striking modern parallels, with its tight waist (an effect very much aimed at also by the men), its extreme décolletage, and its late Victorian flounced skirts. The women wore their hair in a manner much more modern than did the Greeks; the coquettish curls of one particular girl whose head has been preserved in a fresco-painting caused a French archaeologist to cry in a characteristically French manner, when she was first discovered with other well-dressed ladies: "Mais ce sont des Parisiennes!" The extraordinary number of these paintings and their great vividness after 4,000 years drew from a Cretan workman the equally characteristic cry, "phandázi!" "the place spooks!" as it has been well translated.

In war the Cretan warrior trusted for protection to his immense ox-hide shield, as high as himself, its sides drawn together by thongs, so that it resembled a figure of eight. Professor Gilbert Murray in his "Rise of the Greek Epic" has given us an entertaining picture of the Cretan foot-soldier advancing to the attack, pushing this great bulwark like a movable tower before him. For offensive weapons he used the axe, sword and dagger, the bow and sling. There is very little similarity between this and the armament of the Greek Hoplite, whose ponderous

breastplate, helmet, greaves and round shield came in with the Iron Age, probably from the Hittites of Asia Minor, as recent discoveries at Carchemish show. Homer's warriors wore armour of a transitional kind; sometimes they used the round shield, sometimes the great Minoan one. Helmets do not occur till the very latest Bronze Age period; the characteristic head-dress of Cretan notables was a tall plume of feathers like a Red Indian's.

The sports of the Cretans and their indoor games may also be inferred from the monuments. They were great hunters, fishers and divers, and they were fond of boxing; but their particular pleasure was bull-baiting, which they practised for show, like the Spaniards. Apparently their slaves were trained to the dangerous exploit of turning somersaults on the horns of the bull, and over his back, under the gaze of the king and the lords and ladies of his court. This sport may have had religious associations, and is certainly reflected in the gloomy Attic legends of the Minotaur. We can easily picture the red-skinned sea-rovers raiding the coast of Attica and carrying off terrified youths and maidens to be the sport of their masters, like the Algerines at Baltimore; and we can as easily understand the exaggeration in the creepy tales of their dreadful fate that came back to Attica. We have many painted representations of this sport, and in one particularly realistic one we see what happens to the toreador who failed in his somersault. For indoor amusement the lords of Knossos had a game played on a board in which the play was some form of attack with pieces on a position. One of the most splendid relics of Crete is an inlaid gaming-board, and several ivory "men" have been found. But with all their modernity the Cretans never lost touch with nature. Their love of depicting natural scenes and objects in art has hardly ever been surpassed, and in both the devotion and the manner of expressing it they have been well compared to the Japanese.

While the Early and Middle Minoan periods were

reaching their climax in Crete, southern Greece was pursuing a path of its own. We have seen that the first beginnings of the Bronze Age were probably common to Greece and Crete, while Thessaly and the North remained Neolithic till nearly a thousand years later. The researches of Wace and Blegen,[1] based on a careful examination of pottery, have enabled them to divide the course of this mainland culture into three periods roughly corresponding in date to the Minoan periods of Crete. These they have called Early, Middle, and Late Helladic. The first of these periods is characterised by pottery which largely resembles the earliest pottery of Crete. The Middle Helladic period, which corresponds generally to the Middle Minoan (2,200-1600) has as its chief feature a curious kind of smooth grey and yellow pottery called "Minyan," which seems to have been introduced from without, perhaps from the North. At any rate it is now considered most probable that during these centuries Greek-speaking peoples pushed their way into southern Greece, and imposed their language on the sparse Mediterranean population. Whether this first appearance of the Greeks has anything to do with the sudden and completely new development of "Minyan" pottery cannot be said with any pretence to certainty; an argument from pottery to race is even more obviously unsound than one from language to race. But it is fairly well established that the Greek language, in the form of some primitive dialect like the later Arcado-Cyprian, was spoken in southern Greece a long time before it came under Cretan dominance. This southward movement of Greek-speaking tribes, who were probably in the Neolithic stage in their early northern settlement, continued with greater or less intensity for nearly a thousand years. It must be associated with some similar disturbance in Central Europe in which the ancestors of the Keltic-speaking peoples may have played a part.

[1] Paper in Annual of Brit. School at Athens, 1916-18; the result of Blegen's excavations at Corinth are now more fully set forth in his book on Korakou.

The late Helladic Period, from 1600 to about 1200, is contemporary with Late Minoan, and is marked, as we have seen, by another movement from the South: the extension of Cretan dominance over all continental Greece. This extension most probably took the form of a colonization by small groups of Cretan settlers, who with their superior civilisation easily made themselves overlords over the more backward Greeks. They seized and fortified the most commanding positions, coming by sea to Pylos, Tiryns, Mycenae, and Boeotia, probably also to the Gulf of Pagasae in Thessaly and to Attica. The well-known Attic legend of how Theseus by slaying the Minotaur put an end to Athenian servitude to Knossos points to a Cretan overlordship over Athens, though there it left less stupendous relics of itself than elsewhere. Under this Cretan dominance, the old native styles of pottery lived on and developed on Cretan lines. It is noteworthy especially that on the conquered mainland the Cretan type of palace, with its complicated structure, made up of innumerable small rooms lit (as in many modern buildings) by windows opening on "light-wells," and hardly at all fortified, had to give way to the exigencies of conquest and climate. A new type of palace was developed, built on a hill and fortified with immense walls, with gates and covered passages. The mainland house was an adaptation of a type common in neolithic Thessaly and conditioned by the cooler climate; it consisted at first of two rooms, a larger with a great hearth in the centre, and a smaller one behind. This is the type found in Mycenae, and in a more complicated form in Tiryns. It was the prototype of the Homeric house and of the later Greek temple.[1] On the mainland we find nothing to compare with the Cretan palace, with its many-storied and complex labyrinth built round a great court.

For about two centuries more Cretan culture flourished

[1] The best account of the relation between Cretan and Mycenaean palaces is that given in Fimmen's *Kretisch-Mykenische Kultur.*

in Crete and Greece. This is the period of the early graves found by Schliemann within the great ring-wall of Mycenae, where he thought Agamemnon was buried, but which probably held the bones of Agamemnon's ancestors. The wealth of Mycenae in this period was immense, and the gold discovered by Schliemann in the shaft-graves is perhaps the most sumptuous treasure ever found by the excavator. After 1400 it would seem that there was a revolt of the mainland against Crete; the palace at Knossos was destroyed by fire and never rebuilt, and the centre of gravity seems to have shifted to the mainland. Now was developed the "Mycenaean" culture properly so called, for which we have also the names Late Helladic and Late Minoan III. to show its continuity with both earlier Greece and with Crete. In all essentials it remained the same, reproducing the achievements of Crete in painted pottery, in fresco-painting, in carving and moulding, and in gem-cutting. The religion of Mycenae seems to have been the same as that of Knossos, with its great mother-goddess, to whom in all probability the Hera of Argos goes back, its worship of pillar and double axe, and its absence of temples. The life of Mycenae also, as far as can be judged from its remains, imitated the life of earlier Knossos, even to the practice of the sports of bull-baiting and boxing. But at Mycenae a progressive degeneration can be traced, especially in the painting on pottery, which becomes more and more hasty and conventional, till it finally reaches a condition little better than that prevalent before the Cretans came.

The extent of Cretan influence at this last period can hardly be overestimated. In Greece itself there is scarcely a place you can dig that you will not find the painted stem of a characteristic Mycenaean "champagne cup." Countless Mycenaean graves of the later type—"tholos" tombs excavated and domed under a hill, with a passage running in to their massive doorways, like the "Treasury of Atreus" at Mycenae—have been found in every part of

Greece. In Miletos (as we have seen) there is evidence of a Cretan settlement, and so also as far north as the Bosphorus and the Euxine. Mycenaean traders visited the coasts of Sicily, and the Mycenaean type of ornament spread far and wide, having been found even in Bronze Age Ireland. In Egypt the monuments, records, and tombs of the 18th, 19th and 20th Dynasties are full of the doings of the "Northeners." It was probably in this period that the princes of the House of Atreus, in league with overlords from Thessaly and the western islands, sailed to Troy and conquered it, as Homer sang long afterwards. We need not assume, as Evans does, that they did not speak Greek; the language of their subjects may have become theirs, as did English and Irish among the Normans in an equally short period. Greece at this time must have been full of a stirring and vivid feudal life, at which we can only faintly guess.

That the end of this flourishing civilisation was due to an invasion from the North which established Dorian-speaking tribes in the Peloponnese is beyond all doubt, though Beloch, the great German historian of Greece, has made bold to deny the Dorian invasion and to account for the fall of Mycenae and Tiryns by a process of natural decay. One great proof of the invasion lies in the undoubted fact that from 1200 onwards Greece and the Aegaean were in a state of constant unrest for a couple of centuries, and that about 900 we find Greeks in Asia Minor and the whole aspect of the Greek world changed. During this period of turmoil was introduced (perhaps with the Dorians) the use of iron, and took place the series of raids on the coast of Egypt which Rameses II., Mercuptah, and Rameses III. record. Now, too, pressure from overseas compelled a large body of Cretans to fly to the Syrian coast, where they became the strange Philistine race, dreaded by the incoming Hebrews. Probably this movement took place at the same time from Greece to Asia Minor and Cyprus; the lords of Mycenae and their fellows

fled eastward to Ionia, bringing with them the legends of their former glories. The phrase of the royal chronicler of Egypt, "the islands of the North were in unrest," must have been true for the whole period from 1200-900; and not only was this unrest shared by Greeks and Aegaean peoples, but it also very largely affected Asia Minor.

The upheaval left a completely new world behind it. The old feudal "Mycenaean" life was gone, never to return. Mainland Greece was back again in a semi-barbarous period, with a political system like that of the primitive patriarchal peoples in more northern Europe; and a fusion between the ways of the newcomers and of their predecessors took place slowly, leaving in the end the bewildering intricacy of Greek religion and custom. In Ionia the fugitives from the mainland lived their old life in poorer circumstances, but kept their traditions and legendary memories, changing them but slowly and little to fit with their new surroundings. So Homer, though he wrote when Dorian princes kept the courts where Agamemnon had gloried and drunk deep, yet could reproduce the days of Agamemnon because they were being reproduced around him with but small change. After the lapse of centuries the Ionians developed out of the wreck of their past, with much aid from the East, a new and brilliant culture; and as population grew and peaceful trade revived, this culture, in many ways the descendant of the old, was carried back again to the new dwellers in Sparta and Argos. Finally, in the sixth century, when Persia came down to the coast, the backward stream grew greater and greater, and reached Athens in full volume, bringing with it art and literature; and, through Athens chiefly, became the culture that we know as Greek. Thus we can trace the chain of European civilisation back to its dim beginnings in the corner of an Aegaean island. Surely here is interest enough for all who are attracted to study the history of human achievement.

MICHAEL TIERNEY.

PARTITION IN PRACTICE.

BY JAMES WINDER GOOD.

THE Northern Parliament was formally opened in June, 1921. If it is not possible to arrive at a final verdict on a legislative assembly as the result of twelve months' working experience, one can at least form some conception of its probable course of development and of its ability to handle its problems. A year ago admirers of the new Parliament stifled doubts and drowned criticism by the noisiest and most vainglorious blowing of their own trumpets. Not only were Sir James Craig and his colleagues confident of success, but they insisted that their success would break all known records. The Parliament was to be a model of smooth-running efficiency which would transform the Six Counties into a new Utopia. Administrative skill was to be combined with legislative wisdom in a fashion hitherto unknown. Mr. Coote, for instance, promised, merely as a beginning, a complete overhaul of the poor law system; development of scientific research in industry, with a college chair and liberal scholarships; root-and-branch reform of the educational system, with better buildings, better equipment, more highly-qualified and highly-paid teachers; improved transport and waterways; and a comprehensive recasting of the licensing laws. All these things were to be done not only without increasing expenditure, but with a sensible reduction in taxation; and Mr. Coote was not alone in prophesying that in happy Ulster the more the Government undertook to do, the fewer the number of officials required to do it.

Of these bright hopes scarcely a shadow remains. Sir James Craig's dithyrambs have become jeremiads. His Chancellor of the Exchequer, who last summer was protesting that it was the basest kind of treason to look an English financial gift-horse in the mouth, now publicly deplores his own simplicity in assuming that he could rely upon the pledged word of British Ministers. Independent members denounce the Administration as "a model of extravagance." The cost of policing the Six counties is already twice as heavy as the total expenditure on the R.I.C. in four provinces a few years ago; and next year it is forecasted that the Constabulary estimates will be between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000. Economists are bound to be voices crying in the wilderness when the salaries drawn by Ministers in this tiny enclave are equal to those paid for the whole Australian Commonwealth. Placemen are multiplied in Parliament at a rate that would scare even Mr. Lloyd George, with the inevitable result that members who do not figure in the salary list, instead of constituting, as was boasted, a band of brothers, devote all their energies to snarling rancorously at their more fortunate fellows. There is scarcely a pretence of constructive legislation. After a few academic debates, in which concrete proposals of any kind were barred, education, housing, and schemes of temperance reform have been dropped like so many hot potatoes. The one measure that aroused any real enthusiasm was the Flogging Act—less, I need say, on account of any merits it possessed as an instrument for repressing disorder than for its possibilities as a scourge for the backs of political opponents. In popularly governed States the first step taken in times of crisis is to summon the elected representatives of the people. It gives the measure of the futility of the Northern Government that, when a difficult situation arises, Sir James Craig invariably, and almost it would seem automatically, moves the adjournment of his Parliament. And this reversion to executive autocracy

has never provoked even the faintest protest. The Orange taxpayer in the Six Counties openly gibes at his Parliament as an incubus which drains him of money without making any return.

What is the explanation of this bewildering change? As in most political developments the result has been brought about by a complexity of causes, but one in particular leaps to the eye. Ulster critics are fond of insisting that they did not want the Act of 1920, which they accepted, according to themselves, merely as a *pis-aller* because there was no hope of maintaining the Union. And as their utterances at the time make clear, the main reason that impelled them to take the gift offered by Sir Hamar Greenwood was the belief that it would serve as a spoke to thrust into the wheels of Sinn Fein. When the measure was finally passed through the British Parliament, the Orange Press, instead of describing it as a charter of self-government for the Six Counties, blazoned on their posters: "Repeal of the Home Rule Act." In the same spirit the route along which Lord Fitzalan passed to open the first Home Rule Parliament was spanned by arches upon which the supporters of the Parliament had inscribed, apparently with no sense of incongruity, the Carson war-cry: "We will not have Home Rule." It was a crowning example of the fatal obsession of Ulster politics since the Union, which has led its champions to regard opposition by the rest of Ireland as the best recommendation of proposed legislative changes.

I do not believe that under any circumstances the Greenwood Act could have been applied so as to benefit the Six Counties. The measure was devised solely to give effect to the principle of Partition with the object of compelling the South to surrender at discretion. But if the South declined to be coerced into submission the scheme was so constructed as to deprive the North of all freedom of action. As it happened, the Act came into force under circumstances which, from the Orange point

of view, intensified its worst defects. The opening of the Northern Parliament by King George was made the occasion for overtures by the British Government which resulted a few weeks later in the signing of the Irish Truce. Had Sir James Craig possessed the courage to take the statesmanlike line this development would have enabled him to escape from the worst of his difficulties, and acquire a prestige that might have ranked his name high amongst Irish leaders. To him peace was an even greater necessity than it was to Mr. Lloyd George. For a year conditions in Belfast had been growing steadily worse. Murder stalked the streets ; sectarian passions, fanned by reckless incitements to a devastating flame, threatened to reduce the city to chaos. In its most populous districts the rattle of the sniper's rifle had superseded the roar of traffic ; security for life and property no longer existed ; mob law, backed by rifles and revolvers, decreed the economic ruin of thousands for no other crime than that of professing a different faith. Obviously, with the foundations of society cracking under these assaults, the difficulty of building up a new State, formidable enough under the most favourable circumstances, was increased a thousandfold. The first thing to do was to restore at all costs something approaching normal conditions. The Truce between England and Ireland opened up for the Six Counties a plain way of escape. It was in the power of Sir James Craig to declare, as Mr. Lloyd George had done, that bygones should be bygones, and to inaugurate a new departure. An announcement that mob rule was an invasion of the rights of the Northern Parliament, a restoration of workers expelled on the ground of religion, coupled with a proclamation that action on political grounds could in future be taken only by legal authorities in a legal fashion, would not only have gone far to set Sir James Craig right with the outside world but would have enormously strengthened his hand at home.

Prudence as well as magnanimity demanded a gesture

of this kind. Apart from its horror, the sort of war that is waged in the back streets of Belfast reacts fatally upon the prosperity of a highly organised industrial community. In addition to paralysing the ordinary operations of business, it destroys credit, saps prestige, and bars any hope of commercial stability or progress. So far from being in a position to indulge in the luxury of civil conflict, Belfast's plight demanded the most careful nursing of its resources. A vast amount of money had been made during the war, but the greatest part of this had been squandered in senseless wild-cat gambling. It was estimated that on the shares of one company alone Belfast speculators dropped inside a few months between five and six million pounds. Inevitably this had the effect of making it more difficult to obtain financial support for legitimate ventures at a desperately critical juncture.

Never was money more badly needed; for post-war developments had dealt a crushing blow at the two great industries which are the backbone of Ulster's commercial prosperity. Shipbuilding on the Lagan was destined to suffer like shipbuilding everywhere else. It is ironical that Belfast, which joined so lustily in the cry "make Germany pay," should have failed to realise that the first consequence of seizing Germany's mercantile marine would be to deprive Ulster yards of orders, and turn thousands of workers into the streets. Nor could Belfast find any comfort in the thought that German competition, which hit her so hard in pre-war days, was definitely eliminated. Hamburg might be out of the running, but the new yards created by America and Japan constituted a still more formidable danger. The last and worst blow was dealt by the Washington Conference. It is true that Belfast, except during the world-war, had not specialised in the building of warships, but the Washington agreement, with its wholesale reduction of armaments, meant that yards which formerly competed for naval contracts will be hunting in future for merchant vessels.

Bad as is the outlook for shipbuilding, the plight of the linen industry is even worse. The war robbed it at once of its best markets and of the principal sources from which it obtained its supply of raw materials. Russian and Austrian flax is not available, and even if it were, America no longer clamours for Irish linen. Belfast drew its big profits not from coarse textiles but from embroidered goods and superb damasks. These are luxuries, not necessaries; and though the people of the United States have the money, they are not so ready as they were to spend it in luxuries. There is no doubt, I am convinced, that the linen industry will in time recover lost ground. Like all luxury trades, it is subject to violent fluctuations, but the quality of the article produced is so superior that in the long run Belfast has always been able to come out on top. My point is that in an industrial crisis which demanded above all things ameliorative measures and elimination of friction, the Orange leaders, instead of easing the load, kept piling on new burdens and scattering all kinds of stumbling blocks in the path of their followers.

It is contended that the boycott, which was adopted as a protest against the pogroms, does not hurt the Six Counties. Personally, I believe the boycott, however justifiable the wave of feeling that led to its application, to have been a bad mistake. Had it succeeded, as its advocates hoped, it would have strengthened instead of weakening the case for Partition by demonstrating that the Six Counties were a separate economic entity. If in practice its blow could be parried, this meant that those at whom it was aimed would claim that the attempt to injure them constituted a justification for the injury they inflicted on others. At the same time it is nonsense for Unionists to pretend that the boycott did not add to their difficulties. It may have hit directly only a small section of the population, but in the abnormal situation created by the slump in shipbuilding and textiles its indirect effects have been decidedly serious. The northern dis-

tributing trade was forced out of its most profitable market; and though the Belfast banks did not lose nearly as much as was generally believed, the fear that they might not be able to function much longer in the Southern counties led them to call in money advanced to local speculators, with the result that these were compelled to sell their securities at a ruinous loss in a falling market.

While there were novel features in the situation, the plight of the Six Counties was in the main that of all the new European States which had been called into existence by the Treaty of Versailles. Hard facts speedily forced these States to realise it was essential to their economic stability that they should enter into working arrangements with their neighbours, however strongly political prejudices urged a different policy. Peace was the most vital need of Carsonia, as her leaders in their sane moments admitted; yet instead of welcoming the hope of peace held out by the Anglo-Irish discussions all their energies were concentrated, during the five long months of negotiation that preceded the signing of the Treaty, in a series of frantic attempts to destroy any hope of a settlement. These attempts would have been foolish enough had they been confined to ordinary political manoeuvres; but in the hope of advancing political intrigue Orange politicians repudiated the Truce and deliberately speeded up the reign of anarchy in their city, loosing destructive forces which, as events were to prove, they were wholly unable to control.

The signing of the Anglo-Irish Treaty in December, 1921, confounded English Die-hards and Northern extremists alike. All their schemes appeared to have been brought to naught, and for the first time those elements in the Six Counties whose interests demanded a cessation of the insensate strife were able to exercise pressure upon their leaders. The heads of the commercial community had tolerated, and indeed encouraged, the confusion so

long as there seemed a chance of making political profit out of it; but they were shrewd enough to see that it could not continue interminably without fatal results to themselves. Made painfully aware by experience that while the Act of 1920 established Partition in theory, in practice it could be enforced only at a ruinous cost to the Six Counties, they decided, not without reluctance and many misgivings, to take the first step towards a peaceful settlement of the issues in dispute with their fellow-countrymen. The Craig-Collins pact of January last was never given a fair trial. Though the Belfast boycott was promptly withdrawn by Dail Eireann, Sir James Craig failed to fulfil his obligations. I do not believe that this was due to conscious bad faith on the part of the Northern Prime Minister. There is little doubt that he was genuinely anxious to settle, but he had placed himself at the mercy of forces which declined to listen to reason; and as bad luck would have it, events in the South gave these forces a great accession of strength at a critical juncture.

Mr. de Valera's campaign against the Treaty was hailed by the Orange extremists as a proof that the Provisional Government was beaten before the fight began and that the Free State would never be permitted to function. Armed with this argument, they assailed the Pact all along the line, and unfortunately developments in the rest of Ireland appeared to play directly into their hands. I know it is held in some quarters that the Pact was a device engineered by England to secure recognition of Partition by the South, while at the same time freeing Sir James Craig from any responsibility for delivering the goods. It is impossible to square this explanation with the fact that the Six Counties were seething with the fiercest resentment against Great Britain for her betrayal of the Orange cause. The British National Anthem was barred; the toast of the King was ostentatiously omitted at public dinners attended by members of the Northern Government; England and all things English were damned with a

heartiness that few uncompromising Republicans could equal. Had it been possible for the rest of Ireland to take advantage of this mood, not only could differences with the Six Counties have been amicably adjusted, but the worst of the stumbling-blocks that bar the path towards Irish unity might have been rolled away.

Unfortunately the golden chance was not seized, owing to the fact that we were more absorbed in bickering amongst ourselves than in utilising the opportunity to win the Ulster majority by persuasion. And as our differences deepened into antagonisms that threatened to wreck all the gains that had been secured, Ulster stalwarts, taking heart, decided that it might still be possible to make English influence a factor in their game. I have discussed the question with scores of Orangemen, and all of them without exception admitted that the Irish people, by accepting the Treaty and thus placing themselves in a position to secure English neutrality in Irish quarrels, would soon be able to force the North to enter into a working arrangement which, whatever formula might be adopted, would mean in practice co-operation in all essential things. Orange opponents of the Pact based their hopes on the rejection of the Treaty. In their view England in this event, instead of declaring immediate war, would allow a state of affairs to develop in the Six Counties which must provoke an attack from the South in the interests of Northern Catholics ; and would then take the field, protesting to the world that she was acting not as an aggressor but as the champion of a weak Government assailed by a powerful neighbour. Should the Treaty party secure a majority and set up an Administration, Orangemen argue that Republican opposition will be pushed to such extremes that the Northern area will not only be strong enough to hold its own, but by taking advantage of the paralysis brought about by the conflict of factions in the South may succeed with luck in imposing its will upon them.

I doubt if Sir James Craig, in spite of his speeches, seriously entertains the view that English aid, however liberally given, would end the trouble in his enclave. The business men whose pressure led to the conclusion of the first agreement with Mr. Collins had even fewer illusions. They saw that, while with English aid they might in the long run succeed in smashing the South, the economic ruin of the Northern industries would be completed before the struggle came to an end. Fear of this disaster was strong enough to induce them to make terms ; but having made them, inability to control their own extremists led them to play fast and loose with their honourable obligations. With the object of keeping the mob on his hands, Sir James Craig took an early opportunity of picking a quarrel with Mr. Collins on the border question. The idea of some of his principal supporters was to use this dispute as a proof that no real surrender would be made, while at the same time they insisted in private to Northerners who desired peace that the other clauses of the Pact remained intact. Unfortunately nothing was done to keep in check Orange extremists, who acted as if the terms of the agreement had never been signed. After a few weeks' peace sniping and bombing were resumed as vigorously as ever in the streets of Belfast, and provocative raids and arrests by Specials in the border districts produced, as those who authorised them knew they would produce, counter-raids on a formidable scale. Instead of the security for which Sir James Craig had manœuvred, he found himself confronted with a border crisis that threatened to develop into open war, while anarchy reigned supreme in Belfast. The terrible massacre of the MacMahon family startled even rampant Orangemen into sanity for a moment, and the decision to reopen negotiations with the Provisional Government was received in the Six Counties with general relief as the only way of ending an intolerable situation.

Had the London Agreement which was signed at the end of March been honestly enforced it would have gone

far to modify, if not to eliminate, dangerous friction between North and South. By it the Six Counties admitted for the first time that their interests demanded peace not only inside their own enclave, but throughout the whole of Ireland. Even the most embittered Orangeman no longer denied that the plan of cutting the Six Counties out of Ireland, which was the beginning and end of Carsonite policy, had failed. He might prefer political union with Great Britain, but events were steadily forcing him to recognise that his economic interests made it imperative that he should secure a working arrangement with the rest of Ireland. Obviously the framing of such an arrangement would require no small measure of diplomatic tact and skill, and before diplomacy could get to work it was essential that a new atmosphere should be created. The London Agreement held out the hope of creating such an atmosphere. Applied with goodwill on both sides, it could not fail to weaken prejudices and dissipate suspicions, and by providing common ground upon which both parties could meet it might have aided in establishing an understanding upon larger issues than those expressly dealt with in the document.

These high hopes were not destined to be realised. As too often in Irish history, the desire of making capital for a political party was permitted to run counter to the real interests and needs of the nation. It is not necessary to attribute bad faith or lack of patriotism to those on both sides of the border who set themselves to make the London Agreement a scrap of paper. But it was a piece of sheer bad luck that the signing of the Pact should have coincided with the most violent and critical phase of the campaign against the Treaty. A section of the I.R.A. led by Mr. Roderick O'Connor had repudiated the authority of the Dail; and Mr. de Valera had announced that the political aims of the heads of these forces were, so far as he knew, identical with his own. On the day following the publication of the peace terms concluded

between Sir James Craig and Mr. Collins and Mr. Griffith, Mr. O'Connor and his colleagues took the extreme step of renewing the Belfast boycott in defiance of the London Agreement and of the specific decree of Dail Eireann. Nor was the declaration confined to a gesture. Trains from the North were held up and large quantities of goods destroyed; Belfast commercial travellers were ordered back to their own territory; shopkeepers and merchants who had given orders to Northern distributors were fined; Belfast firms outside the Six Counties were compelled to close down; threats were made of billeting Catholic refugees upon Southern Protestants. It would be demanding altogether too much from a politician in so difficult a plight as that of Sir James Craig to expect that he would not take the fullest possible advantage of this lamentable state of affairs. He did not actually decline to fulfil his obligations under the Agreement; but where he had reason to fear opposition from his die-hards he relied upon the activities of the anti-Treatyites as a complete excuse for his failure to enforce the terms of the Pact.

The inevitable result has been that conditions in the Six Counties are going steadily from bad to worse. Anarchy in Belfast does not, as some short-sighted people appear to imagine, merely concern Belfast. Apart from the fact that Catholics are the heaviest sufferers, the ruin of Ireland's greatest commercial centre is a matter which affects all Irishmen. Even if it were possible, and no one seriously believes it is, to restore peace by turning the city into a desert, the country could not afford to pay the price either in a material or a spiritual sense. T. M. Kettle once described the conflict between England and Ireland as "the tragedy of two fools"; should North and South, in despair of a reasonable solution of their differences, batter one another to pieces in a frenzied fight for supremacy, the outside world will dismiss the horror as "the tragedy of two lunatics."

Supporters of the Treaty, it is argued, acknowledge the right of the Six Counties to secede, and therefore endorse the principle of Partition. Have opponents of the Treaty an Ulster policy which will enable us to get round the hard fact that there is a Northern Government in being backed by formidable armed forces, and commanding inside its own enclave the support of a strong majority who, whatever their other defects may be, are admittedly not of a strain that submits easily to coercion? I can find no trace of such a policy in the utterances of these critics. Conceivably a military campaign on a large scale might after prolonged fighting break the resistance of the Northern Unionists. Ireland has neither the men nor the money for such adventures; and even if she had, the most lavish expenditure of blood and treasure would be of little benefit to the minority in the Six Counties.

A declaration of open war inevitably means that such checks as now restrain the activities of the pogromists will be abolished, with results that no man who possesses a spark of humanity can contemplate without a shudder. If it is a national duty to end the persecution of Northern Catholics, it is a still more imperative duty to ensure that a course shall not be adopted which could hardly fail to make persecution take the form of wholesale expulsion and massacre. On this question the views of the Ulster minority cannot be disregarded. They were prepared to accept the London Agreement as a working arrangement, and the repudiation of this Agreement by certain elements in the South was made not merely without their sanction but in defiance of their opinion. They saw clearly from the first that professed champions who sought to exploit their sufferings for party purposes, instead of extending a helping hand, were in reality putting a knife to their throat. As I have shown, every attempt since the Irish Truce was signed last July to establish better relations inside the Six Counties has broken down, less because there is any insuperable difficulty in composing differences

between Protestants and Catholics, than because the furious political controversies that have distracted the rest of Ireland played directly into the hands of the relatively small band of Orange extremists who are determined, if they can manage it, that there shall be no peace north of the Boyne.

It is arguable that to make a pact with the Northern Government is to recognise the principle of Partition. But it is a much more important political fact that the setting-up of the Northern Government and the application of Partition in practice have been the strongest influences in revealing to Belfast politicians the hopeless inadequacy of their cherished shibboleth. So long as Partition was a war-cry Ulster Unionists were prepared to die in the last ditch rather than consent to any modification of the principle; once it became a concrete fact affecting their concerns at every turn the process of disillusionment speedily set in. A year ago Sir James Craig scarcely ventured to breathe in a whisper the possibility that it might be necessary to have certain dealings with the rest of Ireland, and insisted that no transactions of the kind could take place until the South donned the white sheet of repentance and sued meekly for favour as an undeserving suppliant. To-day Sir James Craig's Minister for Labour is pleading earnestly with the Provisional Government that political friction ought not to be permitted to interfere with co-operation upon economic issues. It adds another to the paradoxes of Irish politics that just as the logic of events is opening the eyes of its former devotees to the drawbacks of Partition, some Irishmen are endeavouring to impose a policy the inevitable effect of which would be to compel the majority in the Six Counties to remain Partitionists in spite of themselves.

James Winder Good.

IN THE CATACOMBS OF BELFAST.

BY PATRICK J. GANNON, S.J.

Gefährlich ist's den Leu zu wecken,
Verderblich ist des Tigers Zahn;
Jedoch der schrecklichste der Schrecken
Das ist der Mensch in seinem Wahn.
Schiller: *Die Glocke.*

BALZAC has said that the Frenchman jests on the scaffold or the barricade, and will probably be found with a *bon-mot* upon his lips at the day of General Judgment. The Irishman is akin to him in this, and hence it will cause no surprise to hear that even in the Belfast of to-day a joke, or (as they call it) a "crack," can circulate. Here is the latest. The wall of a criminal lunatic asylum was being extended. Every day a certain inmate came to note progress. After a while he would exclaim: "It's all wrong," and walk away. The overseer once ventured to ask: "Why is it all wrong?" "Because it should include all Belfast," was the answer.

Passing the suburb of Balmoral in the train on Easter Monday evening I noticed in pleasant surroundings a fine group of brick buildings, with the inscription in large letters: "Cats' and Dogs' Home." The madman's remark received a peculiar emphasis; for my mind went back to the dreadful slums in the Stanhope Street area which I had seen that morning, where human beings dwell in habitations hardly fit for cats or dogs—and under conditions of such haunting horror as nothing but personal experience can render remotely intelligible. In very truth Belfast does need a strong wall around it and strong

keepers within to control the activities of a community which is certainly not normal. A city in which over 400 men, women and children have been murdered and over 1,600 wounded in religious pogroms that have gone on unchecked for almost two years is, let us hope, unique. As I made my way through its streets in the rain of Easter Saturday, it did assuredly look like a city with an uneasy conscience and a sick soul. Grimy, smoke-oppressed, and inexpressibly dreary, its very external aspect was depressing. But helmeted soldiers at corners or behind sandbags, policemen in motley uniforms swinging rifles or carrying Webleys in their belts, armoured cars and "cages" careering at breakneck pace along the streets, spies lying *perdus* in quiet angles—all these made the moral aspect of life infinitely more sinister.

I had come to spend the Easter week-end in St. Matthew's parish, Ballymacarrett, where I preached on the Sunday to a congregation which could almost be supposed to have upon its lips the *Morituri vos salutant* of the Roman arena. On the Monday, as I said Mass, a bomb exploded outside the church door, within a few yards of women and children leaving after an earlier Mass. It sounds incredible, but was only an almost unnoticed incident in this indescribable warfare. I was prepared for much, knowing as I did that St. Matthew's Church and parish lay embedded in a vast area of the worst Orangeism, that of the shipyard workers who began the pogroms in July, 1920, and have carried them out ever since. But the reality was far worse than my anticipations.

A person had been sent to meet me at the train and conduct me along circuitous and safer lines of approach to the Catholic compound. But he missed me, and I made my way by the tram I knew best—namely, that which passes down the Newtownards Road and leaves you at the front gates of the church. Here British soldiers were much in evidence; holding the corners and patrolling in

front of the railings. I tried the various entrances, but found all heavily barred and bolted. Now I understood why nearly all Catholic churches in the North are surrounded by massive iron railings and gates which only artillery or battering-rams could force. Near one of the entrances I saw a gate-keeper's lodge which still showed the marks of a bomb and an attempt to set it on fire. The presbytery was plentifully marked with bullet-holes, and some windows in the church were smashed.

Just at this moment a typically Belfast product passed, namely, a couple of working girls coming from the Newtownards Road. They were hatless, slatternly in dress, with pale, vicious faces and insolent eyes. At the lodge gate one said to the other: "There's where they flung a bomb," and both laughed. They walked on, and some twenty yards further the girl who had spoken patted the hand of a British sentry which rested on his gun, made some remark I could not hear, smiled at him, got an answering smile, and moved away. A scene that is eloquent enough when analysed. *Les dames des Halles* of the French Revolution or the *Pétroleuses* of the Paris Commune were not unlike these girls. And the smile to the Tommy goes some way to explain the equivocal attitude of the British troops. Their officers are subject to still more seductive smiles in the villas of the wealthy, and hear a great deal about Belfast's "loyalty to the Flag" in the clubs of the city. Hence, not unnaturally, they are slow to fire upon Orange mobs.

On inquiring of the sentry how I might get into the presbytery, I was directed to a barricade, about fifty yards past the lodge gate, which blocked the entrance to a street, but left a passage at the side. I may say here that, if there were any serious desire on the part of the authorities to protect the Catholic quarters, a judicious erection of these barricades would make the task very simple. The few in existence were only put up after about eighteen months of massacre and incendiarism,

and are not yet nearly numerous enough. But nothing seems really farther from the minds of Belfast's rulers than to give adequate protection to the minority. On the contrary, all recent legislation has aimed at making it more difficult for the minority to protect itself. Thus the latest enactment is that everyone who does not sleep at home must give notice every evening of where he can be found. Now many have owed their lives to not being at home when the Specials called, who then by way of compensation shot their women relations or children. And it is a very monstrous thing to ask them to inform their enemies of their whereabouts.

On passing the barricade I found myself in Seaford Street, where an armoured car, some military lorries and soldiers, surrounded by groups of unkempt, curious children, made it clear that I was in the war zone.

When I met the priests round the tea-table I explained my dilemma at the gates, adding that for a moment I thought they must have fled, everything looked so deserted. The reply was a laughing "No fear! We won't quit for all the Orangemen or Specials in the Six Counties. But it may interest you to know that, when trying the Newtownards Road and Bryson Street entrances, you ran a certain risk of being 'sniped' in the back." It was now my turn to smile. "Sniped," I said; "what for?" "For the Roman collar." "And you seriously assert that a stranger priest arriving at your front door on Easter Saturday at 6 p.m. is in danger of getting a bullet in the back for the garb he wears?" "Yes, emphatically. There is one beside you who had half a dozen bullets sent after him two days ago through the railings of the Bryson Street gate as he went from the presbytery door to the club-house forty yards away."

For all that it was hard to believe that such things could happen in the twentieth century and in the name of the Pure Gospel. But my scepticism did not last long. A short conversation with those who have been through

it all, a walk through the overcrowded slums into which "the Papishes" are herded, the sight of streets pock-marked in all directions by bullet-holes, with windows and doors pierced and still unmended, above all the tales told by pale-faced women in the little homes, make an abrupt end to scepticism of any kind.

As there was still a good spell of daylight left, I expressed a wish to go out and see the city. "Oh, certainly," was the reply; "but you will need a guide. Otherwise you might wander into the enemy lines, stop an Orange bullet, and give the Belfast and British press another crime to score up against the I.R.A." This is not so fanciful as it might appear. The underlying principle of the propaganda, which first anticipated the pogroms and now cloaks them, is to attribute everything that happens to the Sinn Feiners or the I.R.A. Thus, when two young Catholics named Duffin were murdered one night by "Specials," they were accorded one of the greatest funerals in the history of Belfast. This was intended as a protest and a gesture of defiance by the Catholic community. But their adversaries managed to have photographs of the funeral published in American journals with the caption: "Scenes in Strife-stricken Belfast. Funeral of the brothers Duffin, members of the Special Constabulary, murdered by the Sinn Feiners." When the church of St. Matthew beside us was under siege by an Orange mob which had hoisted two Union Jacks upon the railings, an English daily paper had a photo of the scene with the title: "Where the Union Jack still Floats: Protestant Church assailed by Catholic mob." And when in Weaver Street Orangeism perpetrated what may be considered its masterpiece by flinging a bomb into a group of Catholic children (who had been gathered together a few moments earlier by two "Specials"), killing 5 and wounding 17, certain Italian papers received from some source the story reversed, making the bombers Sinn Feiners and the victims Protestant children. Such is modern journalism—at least under Belfast inspiration.

A young lad of about seventeen years of age from the club beside the church undertook to be my guide. As we walked through Seaford Street and others branching off it, he gave me some interesting details. I will try to reproduce the conversation. "You see the wire netting on the windows, Father?" "Yes." "That's to prevent bombs from being flung into the houses." "Bombs? Into these little homes?" "Yes; they creep up after dark, throw a bomb or hand-grenade among a family at supper. Or 'Specials' shy one as they pass in their lorries." The boy spoke in the most matter-of-fact way as of a thing that was now a feature of life. He had grown up in this city, and was hardly capable of surprise at any manifestation of its spirit. But I confess that it took me some moments to focus my imagination to the fact that the frail netting was meant for anything more serious than the handballs of children at play. The reader must try for himself to conceive what life is like in these quarters where most of the windows are netted against infernal machines, hurled now for the most part by agents of the Northern Government paid out of the British Exchequer. "It seems poor protection," I said. "Oh, it's fairly good against bombs, because 'they' are usually in a hurry. But of course it's no good at all against bullets." Clearly not, and there was evidence in all directions of the volleys that sweep these streets from time to time and sometimes penetrate right through the flimsy buildings. Only the main walls will stop them. If they go through door or window, they can kill in any part of the house. One of the priests told me how he was called out at two o'clock one night to attend a woman who had been shot and was dying. As he was administering the Last Sacraments in the little room behind a bullet whizzed past his ribs. Indeed he only escaped death by the fact that at that very moment he had bent round a little to get the oils.

In one house of the Arnon Street district I saw the interior walls torn by bullet marks, and the woman of the

house showed me, not without a certain sense of pride, a canister of bullets or splinters which she had picked out of the walls. I counted more than a dozen. When it is remembered that hardly a night passes without firing taking place into some Catholic quarter, it requires little effort of the imagination to realise the steady pressure of terror on the nerves of the men, women and children inhabiting them. Personally I do not understand how they have held out against it so long. During the first night of my stay I heard fusillades twice—the first at 1.45 a.m., from 6 to 10 shots ; the second, about the same number, at 3.30 a.m. And though I felt in no personal danger at all, sleep vanished for the night. Yet I was astonished to read in Easter Monday's *Irish Independent* that all was quiet in Belfast during the week-end. Comparatively speaking this was so, though it was only the lull before the storm.

We soon reach a corner house, to which my guide pointed with the remark : " A shot was fired into that house and burst the gas-pipe, which asphyxiated three people—the owner, his wife and a servant maid." Two days after my visit this sector of the front was to waken up to renewed activity in which five Catholics were killed and seven wounded. In a house some four doors from the one we were looking at two women were shot dead in cold blood. The *Irish Independent* for April 13, 1922, stated that on the previous day a Lancia car manned by " Specials " patrolled the city with the inscription in chalk on its sides—" Papish blood is sweet." It would seem so, and very particularly the blood of women and children. The *Freeman's Journal* for March 24, 1922, vouches for the following : " The attention of pedestrians in Royal Avenue, Belfast, was attracted yesterday afternoon by a caged lorry careering madly along the highway. On the side of the lorry in large characters were the words : ' The Belfast Bloodhounds. Rebels Beware. No Pope here. Remember 1690.' "

Yet in the Northern Parliament on April 5, 1922, Mr. Lloyd Campbell said that "the 'Specials' had been their salvation." This sentiment has been echoed by most of the members of that assembly. And Sir H. Wilson assures us (April 20, 1922) that "with a little further training and a slight reorganisation they will make one of the finest police forces in the world."

My guide next issued a warning. We had reached a point where several streets converged. "Take care," he said, "those are Protestant streets down there, and you never know when a bullet may come along." We were in the No Man's Land of Belfast. It is at such meeting-places of opposing quarters that the danger is greatest. Here death lurks always in waiting for the unwary. Yet it is through such dangerous zones the imprisoned Catholics must make their way to work, if they are happy enough to have work to do, or if business or sheer ennui impels them to quit the narrow compounds in which they dwell. By day they are at the mercy of the lonely apache with a revolver in his pocket or the mob which wants to drive them from their employment; by night they live in terror of the Specials, who are now their most dreaded enemies. I have been told that the horrors of recent months have at length so affected even the children that, when they are wakened at night by the sound of lorries, they begin wailing over the whole area, and the mothers have to take them in their arms and comfort them as best they may.

Easter Sunday was peaceful, and moving through the city it was possible to forget there was a war on. I was struck by the crowded congregations pouring in and out of the Catholic churches. Remembering how often bombs had burst among such groups, I could not help feeling admiration for the tranquil courage these men, women and children were showing in the profession of a proscribed creed, for it is proscribed in Belfast. And as I thought of the four centuries of unexampled persecution through

which the Church in Ireland has passed, I felt that the present phase was probably the death throes of an old and ugly ascendancy. It has been long a-dying; but it is essentially a spent force.

On Easter Monday I made my way across to the Stanhope Street area, and saw the scene of a night's work which I propose to tell in detail. It is not an isolated incident, but only one of hundreds hardly less horrible. Yet, if it stood alone, it would suffice to pillory Belfast.

The district is a typical Catholic ghetto. Miserable, roughly-cobbled streets run between rows of wretched workingmen's dwellings, scarcely as large as a good-sized room, though divided into four compartments. The very sight of them shocks, so squalid and overcrowded are they. Yet more shocking still is the spectacle of the little yards behind, about ten feet square in size, with walls pierced in the centre, so that when the man hunt is on the destined victims may run up and down the human warren to escape the human ferrets. I crept through one of these holes, and could only try to conjure up the picture as the alarm came. The priest who accompanied me pointed out the extraordinary course he had once to take through these brick walls to attend a victim who was dying. Life in such places under present conditions would seem a nightmare. The houses themselves are a reproach to Belfast; but the walls, tunnelled against uniformed murderers, are something civilisation has got to account for or forego its name.

Stanhope Street stands high and looks down across a boundary street, held by soldiers as I passed, into the Old Lodge Road, leading towards the heart of the city. The latter is an Orange street that bends after about 200 yards and is then lost to view. It was here that at 10.30 p.m. on April 1 Constable Turner was shot dead by a rifle bullet. Who fired it? The Catholic Committee of Defence in a telegram to Mr. Churchill denied that any Catholic did so. The people of the district say they certainly were not

responsible for it. I was even told, though I give it with reserve, that at a military inquiry the soldiers said it could not have come from Stanhope Street. Finally, Dail Eireann Publicity Department, April 29, 1922, issued the following :—

An eye-witness of the shooting of Constable Turner in the Old Lodge Road on the night of Saturday, April 1st, in a written statement, says :— "I saw an Orange mob come down the Old Lodge Road that night. They opened fire into Carrick Hill and Stanhope Street. I saw two policemen standing at Lime Street corner at the time. One of these was Constable Turner, and he was hit in the back of the head in the firing from the Old Lodge Road. At the time this happened soldiers were stationed at the corner of Wall Street and Stanhope Street, about 100 yards away, in the direction of the Orange gunmen's fire. This fire was returned by the military, and it is quite certain that no other shots came from the Catholic streets but that of the soldiers."

As Sir J. Craig obstinately refuses the inquiry pressed for, both by the Catholic Committee and Mr. Collins, we must leave it at that. Word was soon brought to Brown Square barracks, and before 11.30 some lorries of R.I.C. and Specials came along. The police got down and started raiding at No. 15 Stanhope Street. Bursting in the door, they cried out, "Where are the men ?" Two were living in this house ; but when the lorries were heard in the street, one of them, Joseph McRory, ran out by the back door and into the yard of the next house. But other police were already there, and he came back to the yard of No. 15.

Meantime the other man, whom we shall call H. (as he still lives, his name had better not be given), thought of his two children, and rushing upstairs took one under each arm, seizing also an old quilt. He then hurried out to the little yard, where he lay down among a mass of débris, placed his children beside him, and drew the quilt over all three. I saw the spot, and was filled with astonishment that even in the dark the ruse could have succeeded in such a space.

McRory would seem to have lost his head or his nerve. H. begged him to fly ; but he said : "I can't ; we're

surrounded." Meantime the saviours of Belfast had broken through the doors. One covered McRory with a revolver and shouted: "Hands up!" McRory put up his hands, exclaiming: "Oh, son, I never harmed anyone." "None of your 'sonning' me," was the reply. A few shots rang out and Joseph McRory, a middle-aged man of peaceful disposition, fell dead.

No men apparently were found in the other houses until No. 26 Park Street, off Stanhope Street, was reached. Here they came upon a sailor, just home from sea, named Bernard McKenna. Rushing up to the bedroom, where he was standing near the fire, half undressed, they shot him several times. He leaves seven children.

The next house where a victim was unearthed was 16 Arnon Street, parallel to Stanhope Street. In this William Spallin dwelt, who that very day had buried his wife, herself the victim of some earlier affray. He was in bed with his grandchild, a boy of twelve years. The little lad is said to have shouted: "Kill me; don't kill daddy," as he called his grandfather. But they shot the old man—aged seventy. Half-an-hour later the child was found still sitting up in the bed gazing in horror at the murdered man and exclaiming: "Look at daddy! Look at daddy!"

No. 18 Arnon Street was next visited, and here the climax was reached. Even to see the scene and hear the story a fortnight later caused a sense of nausea. A family named Walsh lived in the house, of whom the two adult men—brothers—were ex-soldiers who had been through the Great War. As the policemen were beating with a sledge-hammer at the door, the old mother thought it best to open it. They then swept past her and up the narrow stairs to the bedroom where Joseph Walsh lay, with his son Michael (aged seven) on one side and little Brigid (aged two) on the other. They fired some shots; for three were found in Michael, who died next morning. Whether they shot the father or not no one seemed to know. But the sledge-

hammer sufficed. The priest who came to the house within half an hour told me what he saw. The skull was open and empty; while the whole mass of the brains was on the bolster almost a foot away. On descending they found a young lad, Frank Walsh, aged fourteen, crouching in the kitchen. Him they kicked and shot in the thigh, but not fatally. Thus was Constable Turner avenged.

I asked to see the room upstairs. The wife shrank from conducting me. She had not ventured to enter it since that night. But the brother, an ex-soldier, had stronger nerves and showed me all—the bolster soaked with blood, and the two straw mattresses deeply stained with it. He even raised them up and pointed out pieces of the skull upon the floor, and fragments of dried brain. How they swung a sledge-hammer in that narrow space I know not. But the blow smashed the skull as it would a cocoanut. The brother presented me with a few small pieces in paper, and I still retain this gruesome trophy of Belfast civilisation and an empire's gratitude to the men who fought for it.

"And, Father," said the brother, "poor Joseph was all over the Holy Land and used to tell us all about the Holy Places."

The Northern Premier has been repeatedly pressed to grant an impartial inquiry into the events of that night, but has always declined. The precisest information has been laid before him implicating his own police. Yet no pressure can obtain the slightest attempt to bring the culprits to justice. Plain people draw very obvious conclusions. The police, too, in practice draw the same conclusions, and repeat the crimes. When Mr. McMahon, a man so peacefully disposed that he would not let his sons retain revolvers, even for self-defence, was shot in company with five sons and a shop assistant, there was no inquiry. Result: this Stanhope Street affair. Again a refusal to probe the horror home, and the consequence was to come on the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of Easter week,

during which seven more Catholics were murdered, over a dozen wounded, and some forty of their houses burned. On May 10th the Dail Publicity Department reported :—

On the same night [Thursday, May 4th], at 10.30 p.m., twelve Special Constables, who seemed to be under the influence of drink, invaded Stanhope Street and threatened to burn out the people. A military patrol of the Norfolk regiment on duty on the street was powerless to cope with the situation. The women of the street, mindful of the massacre of April 1st in Arnon Street and fearing a similar occurrence, became frantic with fear and refused to let the soldiers go off duty ; they implored them not to leave them at the mercy of the Specials.

One may ask, if twelve drunken I.R.A. men invaded Sandy Row in like manner, would the military patrol be powerless to cope with the situation ? But then the powerlessness of the military during two years of this sort of situation, recurring almost weekly, is one of the mysteries of Belfast. It is pathetic indeed when fear-frantic women have to appeal to powerless soldiers against the Special Constabulary of Northern Ireland.

On Monday evening I felt a distinct relief as the train bore me southwards. The atmosphere of life in Dublin is not exhilarating just at present ; but Belfast—— Well, I have said enough about it. Further details will be found in the following notes. P. J. Gannon.

I.

STATEMENT OF THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF IRELAND.
April 26, 1922.

Deep as is the anxiety caused by the general condition of the country, the feelings of the Bishops are especially harrowed by the terrible state of things prevailing in the North-East corner. Contrary to the best interest of the nation, to peace and progress, a section of the country has been partitioned off, apparently to give us a specimen of model government. If that government is to be judged by results, it must rank more nearly with the government of the Turk in his worst days than anything to be found anywhere in a Christian State.

The condition of things in Belfast, especially, is such as must shock any man of Christian feelings, or even the common instincts of humanity. Not only have Catholics been denied for over twenty months their natural right to earn their daily bread, but they are subjected to a savage persecution which is hardly paralleled by the bitterest sufferings of the Armenians. Every kind of persecution—arson, destruction of property, systematic terrorism, deliberate assassination, and indiscriminate murder—reigns supreme. Catholics are shot down in the streets, in their houses or business premises, or wherever they come within reach of the fusillade which makes night hideous and every hour of day a terror. Hundreds of families have

been burned out, and hundreds more compelled to abandon their homes or business houses under threat of death. And notwithstanding the agreement entered into and many promises, nothing has been done to check the terrible reign of destruction and bloodshed.

The authorities can hardly plead helplessness. They have at their disposal tens of thousands of armed men paid for by the British Government, and still while Catholics in the Six Counties cannot have even a shot-gun to protect their crops from the crows without prosecution and even the threat of the lash, scarcely a single weapon of destruction—firearm or bomb—has been seized from the emissaries of murder. On the contrary, almost every able-bodied Protestant in the Six Counties is supplied with arms to harass his Catholic neighbours, with whom he had hitherto lived in peace and good neighbourhood. And they are making good use of this licence to persecute. Men cannot pass along the roads by day, and still less by night, without being held up, searched, and subjected to ill-treatment. Even priests, who are often called out in the dead of night to assist the dying, are held up and searched and insulted. This shocks beyond expression the feelings of Catholics, who know that these priests are carrying the Blessed Sacrament. In a word, it would look as if there were a design, which is sometimes openly avowed by the wilder spirits, to exterminate Catholics from the Six Counties, especially from Belfast.

Attempts have been made to lay the blame for the horrible condition of Belfast upon Catholics and Sinn Feiners, but no reasonable man will believe that Catholics, who form only one-fourth of the city's population, or Sinn Feiners, who form a much smaller percentage, are the instigators or originators of riots in which they are always the chief sufferers. Moreover, we cannot forget that, long before Sinn Fein was heard of, Belfast had gained a notoriety for savage riots and the murder of Catholics in the name of religion. We need only recall the riots of 1864, 1872, and 1886.

II.

THE IRISH PROTESTANT CONVENTION.

Held in Dublin on May 11, 1922.

The Resolutions:—

1. That we abhor and condemn as unchristian and uncivilised the murders and outrages which have been committed upon men, women and children as a result of sectarian hatred, as well as the forcible depriving of any Irish citizen of his means of livelihood because of his conscientious opinions.

2. That we place on record that, until the recent tragedies in Co. Cork, hostility to Protestants by reason of their religion has been almost, if not wholly, unknown in the twenty-six counties in which Protestants are in a minority.

Mr. George Russell ("Æ"), declining an invitation to the Convention, wrote as follows:—"I cannot, without deep feelings of shame and pain, take part; for I should be expected to repudiate fears I do not feel and deny persecutions which I have never experienced; and all this lest a group of fanatics in Belfast, calling themselves co-religionists, should seem to implicate the Protestants who live in Southern Ireland in their actions and sentiments.

I deny the right of these fanatics to call themselves Protestants; for unless men first of all are Christian they cannot be Protestant.

If there was any genuine Christianity in the Protestant churches in Belfast, at the very first attacks on the Catholic population the Protestant ministers would have patrolled the Catholic districts day and night to protect them against murders, the wrecking of houses, and the outlawing from industry of these unfortunate people. They would have used every sacred influence to protect the Catholic minority.

To me, through the action of these fanatics, Belfast appears as a pagan city, which in the name of Christ spits on His precepts; and religion, as it is there proclaimed, is simply a form of devil-worship, where hate, fear and pride are fostered in childhood until they become madness in age.

I remember the attempts made when I was a child to inculcate hate and mistrust of my Catholic fellow-countrymen. It was many years before I was able to exorcise the effects of that sorcery from my nature. The Protestants of the South of Ireland, who are what they are from love of their own ideals, and not from hatred of the ideals of others, should dissociate themselves from the Protestantism practised in Belfast.

The convention seems to me like a death-bed conversion, when the sick man remembers all he has left undone and unsaid in the past, and calls his relatives round to witness his repentance in the hope of warding off the devils."

III.

SOME STATISTICS OF THE POGROMS.

The pogroms began on July 21, 1920, when the Catholics were expelled from the shipyards. From that date to May 28, 1922, the figures for Belfast are :—killed, 420 ; wounded, over 1,600 ; expelled Catholic workers, close on 8,000.

Taking the latest definite period for which the religion of the victims has been ascertained—April 1 to 28, 1922—the figures are :—Catholics killed, 24 ; Catholics wounded, 41 ; Protestants killed, 11 ; Protestants wounded, 34 (Of the Protestant victims three were killed in Orange districts into which no Catholic dare enter ; five were killed by Orange snipers ; the three remaining victims may, or may not, have been reprisals—we do not know).

In the same period, besides killed and wounded, there were :—Attempted murders of Catholics, 29 ; Catholic houses burned and looted, 75 ; Catholic families rendered homeless, 89 ; Catholic houses bombed, 5. In the twenty-eight days under review 400 people were added to the number of homeless Catholics in Belfast. Those homeless at end of March—261 families—are not included.[1]

About the middle of this period of persecution—viz. on April 21st—the Belfast Catholic Protection Committee sent the following telegram to Mr. Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain :—

> " Belfast Catholics being gradually but certainly exterminated by murder, assault, and starvation. Their homes burning, streets swept by snipers, life unbearable, military forces inactive, ' Special ' police hostile, Northern Government either culpable or inefficient. Your Government saved the Armenians and Bulgarians. Belfast Catholics meeting worse treatment."

The " military forces " and the " special police " mentioned in foregoing telegram are paid or subsidised by the British Government. Hence the appeal to that Government. The result of this appeal may be gauged by the casualties for the week ending May 21 :—Catholics killed, 21 ; Protestants killed, 11 ; Catholics wounded, 45 ; Protestants wounded, 15 ; Catholic houses bombed, 6. Seven of the Catholics killed were interrogated as to their religion, and when they confessed it were shot dead. On seven occasions worshippers going to and returning from Mass and evening devotions were fired at, twice by " Specials " and five times by Orange snipers. During this week the whole Catholic population of Chief Street, Bray Street, and Palmer Street was cleared out by armed Orange mobs. In the Milewater district, between May 20-25, 115 families—425 persons in all—were hunted from their homes.

IV.

SINN FEIN AND THE BELFAST POGROMS.

A common form of propaganda is to explain the present troubles in Belfast as political rather than religious—as a natural reaction against Sinn Fein activities. The following extract from a letter published by the Belfast Catholic Protection Committee on May 4th, shows the dishonest nature of this propaganda :—

> " There is a very poisonous propaganda and misrepresentation of truth at work in Belfast ; but it is against the Catholics. An excuse must be invented, and ' Sinn Fein ' is the excuse. In 1864, 1872, 1886, 1912 there was no ' Sinn Fein,' but there was acute persecution of Catholics on lines identical with the present horrors.

[1] On one day, July 10, 1921, 160 houses were burned.

"Could the children of Weaver Street (17 wounded and 5 dead) be regarded as Sinn Feiners; or Mrs. Neeson, shot in cold blood at her own door, and a baby still-born two hours after her death; or the children of Herbert Street, 6 of whom were wounded by a bomb; or the baby Walsh, 8 months old, killed in Arnon Street the morning following the Arnon Street massacre; or little Mary Wilson, aged four, shot dead by a man as she was playing at her father's door; or Mrs. Duggan and Miss Berry, who were killed in their own home; or Mrs. M'Knight, who had to fly for her life 6 hours after her child was born; or Mrs. Cunningham, whose hair was singed with a bullet fired at her when she and her six children were taking refuge on the stairs of the house they were driven out of on April 19th, and whose baby was born on the Saturday following in the house of a stranger who pitied her plight?

"Incidents of cold-blooded murders of women and children (excluding men altogether) could be multiplied if space permitted.

"Can the profession of even 'Sinn Fein' views justify the horrors inflicted on Catholic women and children in Belfast?"

V.

CATHOLICS IN THE PUBLIC SERVICES OF BELFAST.

According to the Census of 1891 Catholics numbered 26·3 per cent. of the population of Belfast. In 1892 a Select Committee was appointed to collect evidence in connection with the *Belfast Corporation, Lunatic Asylums, etc. Bill* then before the British House of Commons. In the *Minutes of Evidence* we find the following figures:—

	Corporation.		*Harbour Board.*	
	Protestants.	*Catholics.*	*Protestants.*	*Catholics.*
Members ...	40	0	22	0
Paid Officials ...	89	2	37	0
	Water Commission.		*Poor Law Board.*	
Members ...	15	1	43	1
Paid Officials ...	7	0	91	3
	Asylum Board.		*Petty Sessions Clerks.*	
Members ...	19	3	—	—
Paid Officials ...	65	8	6	0

Protestant total, 434. Catholic total, 18

These figures need no commentary, except perhaps this—that the eight Catholic officials in the Asylum were mere attendants, and that the two in the pay of the Corporation drew between them £265 a year.

The figures for 1896 were:—

	Corporation.		*Poor Law Board.*	
	Protestants.	*Catholics.*	*Protestants.*	*Catholics.*
Members ...	40	0	38	3
Paid Officials ...	95	2	164	6
Salaries ...	£18,467	£294	£10,223	£170
	Water Commission.		*Harbour Board.*	
Members ...	17	0	22	0
Salaries ...	£3,524	0	£7,648	£130

Before the Select Committee on the *Belfast Corporation Bill*, 1896, Mr. W. J. Pirrie, the Lord Mayor, admitted that there was an annual expenditure of about £144,000 for contractors, and that not one of these was a Catholic, though the Catholics contributed about £30,000 a year in rates. It was also admitted before the same Committee that in the course of fifty years only three Catholics had been elected to the Corporation.

From the Minutes of the Belfast Corporation for March 1, 1922, the following figures have been extracted and certified for us :—

Total of paid officials	681	Total of Salaries	£17,223 3 0
Number of Catholics	33	Salaries to Catholics	£637 12 0

That means that only 4·85 per cent. of the paid officials are Catholics and that these receive only 3·7 per cent. of the money expended. Now, at the last census (1911), the Catholics numbered 24·10 per cent. of the population of Belfast.

In this connection an interesting case occurred last February. The Belfast Public Libraries advertised three vacancies for Junior Assistants. Over 100 presented themselves and were examined by the Technical Institute. The results forwarded to the Library and Technical Committee of the Corporation were these :—First place, a Catholic ; Second place, a Protestant ; Third and Fourth places, Catholics. The Committee, however, selected the candidates of the second, fifth and ninth places—all Protestants. "I would as soon trust a number of lambs before a jury of butchers as trust Catholic interests to the Belfast Corporation," remarked Mr. Devlin in the British House of Commons, May 9, 1919.

From the Financial Statement of the Belfast Union for half-year ended March 31, 1920, we take the following figures :—

Permanent Officials.

Protestants.	*Catholics.*
170	19
Salaries.	
£20,704	£1,102

Catholics, therefore, receive 10 per cent. of the salaried positions, but only 5 per cent. of the monies.

We have not been able to secure the Minutes of the other Public Bodies of Belfast ; but the attitude of its one-year-old Parliament towards Catholics is revealed in the following extract from the *Freeman* of September 5, 1921 :—

> "The policy of the North-Eastern Parliament in regard to the religious complexion of the appointments to be made in the various departments under its jurisdiction is now unmistakably manifest. Many incidents have arisen during the negotiations for the transfer of Dublin Civil Servants to Belfast which make it clear that it is a case of 'No Catholic need apply.'
>
> "The public is already well aware of the criticisms that have been passed on Mr. Archdale, Minister of Agriculture, for having arranged to appoint as his chief officer a Catholic. Only last week we published particulars of another case in which all the Irish applicants for a particular position were Catholics. In order to avoid the necessity of appointing one of them, the Minister concerned brought a man over specially from England to fill the post, in the belief, of course, that this man was a Protestant. To his dismay he has now discovered that the official is a Catholic, with the result that the Minister is in a sea of trouble with the McGuffins, Cootes, and others of their class.
>
> "Some further incidents of the same kind have also come to our notice. One is that of a prominent official of a Dublin department who went to Belfast recently on the instructions of his chief to discuss the question of transfers from his department. He brought with him a list of officers proposed to be transferred and submitted it to ———— The latter said he was sorry to have to ask him one question, namely, the respective religions of the officials on the list. The Dublin official gave the information required, and immediately the names of the Catholic Civil Servants were struck out.
>
> "It is further stated that the head of another department in Dublin was bluntly informed that he would be only wasting his time in including Catholics in any list of officials he submitted for transfer to Belfast.
>
> "The conclusion is inevitable that this wholesale exclusion of Catholics is not merely the policy of the Orange groundlings, but is the adopted policy of Sir James Craig and his Cabinet."

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOUR.

BY REV. R. A. MCGOWAN.

Assistant Director of the Department of Social Action, National Catholic Welfare Council of America.

THE American Federation of Labour, with less than 50,000 members, came into existence in 1881, although its present name and constitution were adopted in 1886, when it had 150,000 members. Its characteristics were at that time well established, and there has broadly been no change in practice nor in theory from that day to this. It is a federation of craft unions which seek better wages and working conditions through collective bargaining, and which try to influence the existing political parties so that the Government will let them alone in their bargaining. The lines have become somewhat blurred in the last few years; indeed the last convention went on record in favour of legislation looking towards a different policy. But the same type of leader and the same type of craft union that established the policies and tactics in the eighties decide them forty years later. The President of the A.F.L. to-day was the first vice-president in 1881, was an officer every year but one up to the reorganisation in 1886, and since then has been re-elected President every year, except in 1894.

When the A.F.L. was formed it found a larger organization already in the field which was to grow in numbers for several years, while the A.F.L. remained almost stationary. The Knights of Labour was its rival—a loosely knit aggregation of working people, most of whom

were unskilled or semi-skilled. It was animated with a quite fiery disposition and was anxious, for the most part, to bring on a fundamental change in the wage system. It was interested in a measure of public ownership and especially in co-operative workshops. While it carried on intensely violent strikes for better wages and working conditions, the chief interest of the leaders lay in fundamental changes. The Knights of Labour found itself, however, in need of the skilled tradesmen, but it could not appeal to them successfully because of the hopelessness of an immediate fundamental change in the wage system, and because the skilled tradesmen did not wish to carry the burden of the unskilled to the bargaining room.

During the eighties the A.F.L. was weak, and the Knights of Labour strong. But this was apparent rather than real. For the A.F.L. was a craft federation bolstered by high dues and by a treasury expended for protection and insurance. The men in the A.F.L. unions were skilled tradesmen; they could hold together better during a strike and unemployment. The Knights of Labour was weak where strength was most needed then; the attacks of the employers, the desertion of the skilled, and the vast and long unemployment of the middle nineties broke upon it and it disappeared. The A.F.L. remained; its leaders were convinced that their policies were the correct ones, and that collective bargaining along craft lines was satisfactory.

Again, the eighties were filled with labour parties which usually emphasised various kinds of currency inflation, since those were days of declining prices. The Single Tax was also widely held at that time and furnished part of the framework of labour political parties. These parties all disappeared, and the A.F.L. saw added reason why it should oppose labour entering politics as a separate organization. Collective bargaining within the wage system carried on by craft unions must remain almost the sole hope of the skilled workers who formed and

dominated the A.F.L. The eighties, too, saw the widespread introduction of machinery and much unemployment. Skilled tradesmen connected the two together, and thought their immediate hope lay in the shorter workday. They could get this by collective bargaining, and so they hung fast to it and made it the centre of their hopes.

It was a bewildered and frustrated, though persistent, leadership which weathered the long depression of the nineties. The Knights of Labour disappeared, but the A.F.L. did not recruit its members. They were lost for the most part to the unions, and the A.F.L., with less than 150,000 members to the 700,000 of the Knights of Labour in 1886, had less than 250,000 in 1891 and only a few thousand more in 1897. Two things are significant: the A.F.L. did not lose when the panic of the nineties hit the United States, and did not gain when the Knights of Labour collapsed. It kept its character as a federation of unions of skilled tradesmen which were in the business of getting better wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions for their members.

In the late nineties business started to pick up. A war was being waged, the cost of living started to increase, and jobs were more plentiful. The A.F.L. gained a little: in 1900 it had twice as many members as two years earlier; by 1902 it passed the million mark; and by 1904 it reached the astounding heights of a million and three quarters of members.

The A.F.L. thus penetrates the misty antiquity of 1881, but it was a pygmy until this century began. It is a twentieth century organization with a nineteenth century constitution and nineteenth century leaders. The type of labour union and labour union leader which ruled the A.F.L. in the eighties when it had less than 200,000 members still rules it in 1921 when its membership approaches close to the four million mark.

The viewpoint of the craftsman still dominates.

Gompers, the cigar maker of the seventies plying his trade in New York as a young Jewish immigrant from England, voices now as head of the A.F.L. the economic and political needs of the steel worker, the automobile worker, the miner and the railroad worker. Industrial organization in the United States has made many changes since the cigar maker learned his economics through contact with a small employer in New York, in a trade that was being changed by new machinery, yet he and representatives of the small crafts still rule the A.F.L. and speak, though not so clearly any more, in the name of the "men of labour" in the United States. Others are battling now for place, and other voices are heard on the labour forum, but neither the new men nor the new policies have yet taken firm grip upon the A.F.L.'s policies or governing board.

In 1916 two million working people were in the A.F.L.; now it has nearly four million, and most of these have come in since the end of the war. The new members in the A.F.L. have come chiefly from highly organized industry and the less skilled lines of work. They are still groping somewhat in the dark, but the last convention of the A.F.L. showed that many of them are weary of the old leaders and still more of them weary of the economic theories of the petty craftsmen who formed the A.F.L., and whose voices, living or ghostly, have spoken in its name and preached the labour union policies of petty craftsmen since the eighties. What may appear strange, the steps taken thus far by the A.F.L. towards new policies and new leaders have not been the steps of the Socialist.

The A.F.L. is the outstanding representative of the American labour union movement. Four unions of railroad engine and train men, one ready-made clothing workers' union, one shoe workers' union, a scattering of small unions of textile workers and the syndicalist I.W.W. are all that are worth mentioning which stand outside it. Of these, only the railroad and clothing unions are of

much importance. In the A.F.L. there are 110 national and international unions ranging alphabetically from the Actors to the Wire Weavers. In addition it has nearly a thousand small local unions directly affiliated.

The A.F.L. follows its name—it is a federation. It cannot call any of the members of a national union to strike, nor order them to go back to work. It does no bargaining for the federated unions. Each national union is left to itself to conduct such matters. It decides on disputes between the unions over what classes of workers they are to organize. It calls new national and international unions into being. Its influence upon the policies of all of the unions, though not overwhelming, is tremendous. It is the chief political representative of labour unionism in the United States. What its leaders say about political questions is accepted quite readily by a large part of the rank and file and the general public as the programme of all of the labour unions. Likewise, the economic theories and the attitude toward labour unions promulgated by Gompers and his henchmen, have a very great influence on all the unions and the whole public.

In its preamble the A.F.L. states that working people must unite to protect themselves and secure the recognition of rights to which they are justly entitled. The capitalist system is accepted as a fact; working people should unite and bargain with the capitalists and by the bargain obtain as high a wage as possible, the eight-hour day, apprenticeship regulations, healthful work places, etc. The highest aim is good conditions within the wage system, and they are to be obtained almost solely by collective bargaining. Workmen's compensation laws are now favoured, but in general the political theory of the A.F.L. hinges upon the economic policy. It tries to get the Federal and State Governments to keep their hands off and let collective bargaining go its own way. It keenly resents court decisions limiting collective bargaining, and it gloried, though a little too quickly, in a

law ("the Magna Charta of labour") passed during President Wilson's first term, which exempted labour unions from prosecution under the anti-trust act.

But from three sides this policy is being attacked, and it is now in process of slow and stumbling revision. For it seems that while collective bargaining has reduced hours, wages have been declining in proportion to the cost of living. When this was stated and backed by figures before the war, Mr. Gompers grew furious. Yet after the armistice his own publicity staff sent broadcast the same statement about the strongly organised building trades during war time. Now again economists are saying that, between 1890 and 1918, the wages of American labour declined, as measured by the cost of living. The failure of the long campaign to keep the courts from harassing united labour has also started thought, and wonder is being expressed if some other policy were not a better one to follow. Again, whenever a big strike occurs or is threatened, temporary government machinery is set in motion in the form of commissions, the mediation of the President or the Secretary of Labour, and even, in one case, by a special law making the basic eight-hour day the law of the land for a large part of the railroad workers.

But the governing board of the A.F.L. is resisting a change. Now and then one of its members throws out a hint, but in the main the old policy and the old methods are still being followed. An anti-union war is now on in the country. Unemployment has passed the five million mark. Wages are declining. The courts are making vicious decisions. The newspapers are riding the hounds. But the governing board hurls philippics against Bolshevik Russia, praises the work of labour during the war, and attacks court decisions which undermine collective bargaining.

The President of the A.F.L. is a cigar maker, and the Vice-Presidents are, respectively, a granite worker, a moulder, a carpenter, a miner, a street car (tramway)

worker, a garment worker, a barber, and an engraver. The Treasurer, who recently resigned because of opposition to a policy of the rest of the officers, is a teamster, and the Secretary is a printer. These men compose the Executive Council, which is the governing board of the A.F.L. The three leading spokesmen are Gompers a cigar maker, Woll an engraver, and Morrison a printer. The cigar makers come twenty-ninth in the list of the organisations from the standpoint of size. The photo-engravers were represented in the last convention by only 65 votes against, for example, the machinists' 2,736. The Secretary is a typographer—his union being, however, one of the strong ones. Seven of the ten members of the Executive Council come from minor industries. It seems strange that a cigar maker, a granite cutter, a garment worker representing a minor union in the industry, a barber, an engraver, a teamster and a representative of one section of the printers should rule the Executive Council. An eighth member is a moulder—a member of a skilled trade in an industry which is very poorly organized. A ninth member is a representative of the street car men's union. Then a great leap is taken to the carpenters and miners.

There is not a railroad worker on the Executive Board, nor a seaman, nor a shipbuilder, nor a machinist, nor an office worker, nor an electrical worker, nor a packing house employee, nor a textile worker. The carpenter is the sole representative of the building trades.

The President is perennial. One of the vice-presidents has been on the board since 1894. The Secretary has served since 1896. Another vice-president has served since 1905, and another since 1913, and another since 1914.

The strength of the small unions and the small trades in the A.F.L. is a sign of the most serious weakness of the American labour movement. There are too many unorganized workingmen in crucially important industries. It was even worse when the war broke out, and while the situation has improved greatly since about 1917, the unions

recently organized or recently become strong have not yet got the feel of the A.F.L. atmosphere, and have not been able to get a position equal to their numerical strength in the Federation. There are too many vacant chairs in an A.F.L. convention hall, and many who are seated have not had time more than to look around.

The steel workers are still unorganized, except for a few highly skilled trades in some plants. Few of the automobile workers are union men. The shoe workers are organized in two rival unions, only one of which is an A.F.L. union. Office workers and sales people in retail stores are poorly organized. Women in industry, of whom there are millions in the United States, are as yet predominantly unorganized. Very few negroes are in the unions. Textile workers and the many people in the meat packing industries only became organized in large numbers after the United States entered the war. The machinists were few until the war broke out; they are now four times as large as in 1915. The boilermakers and shipbuilders were a small union until 1917. The electrical workers are four times as large now as in 1916. The seamen have over six times their 1915 membership. Large classes of railroad workers were unorganized until after the United States entered the war.

It is to be remembered that in the United States the employers are a strong and masterful body of autocrats, benevolent or otherwise. Our country is new and not thickly populated. Capitalism has not frozen so much as to keep all the propertyless down. Those who have risen are proud; many of those who have not risen have not yet given up hope. Many of the unskilled are negroes or recent foreigners, and a great many of the foreigners have strange names and speak a strange language. They do not know the country. Few of them are in the unions, and those unionized have joined for the most part during the last two or three years. A very large part of them are unskilled, and they work in industries which are more

important in the economic system than most of the industries represented strongly in the A.F.L. The backing which capitalism receives from public opinion, the contempt felt towards the foreigner and the negro even by fellow workingmen, the rivalry of the unskilled and the machine with the skilled tradesmen, and the autocracy of a large number of American employers and their bankers have hampered the American labour movement, and served to make it predominantly a skilled workers' movement rotating in ever lower circles within the wage system.

But while the A.F.L. has been ruled by a governing board of small craftsmen and still is ruled by such a board, a change is coming over it. At the last convention the cigar maker President found his position contested by a coal miner, and saw the machinists, the packinghouse workers, the carpenters, most of the coal miners, some steel workers and some railroad men going against him. While both he and the old Executive Council were re-elected, the contest was a new thing in A.F.L. conventions. In such a body as the A.F.L., ruled for years by one man and a group of expert labour union politicians, it appears that only a revulsion of feeling after a great and recognised failure could overturn the administration. The A.F.L. has a news service which it sends weekly to all labour papers, and since this is the only source of labour news these papers possess unless they pay for another service, the administrative body of the A.F.L. in the normal run of events will get most of the publicity. The men in control of the A.F.L. have many friends in the labour unions whom they have helped with this morsel of recognition or that favour. Then, too, Gompers is somewhat of a myth. As well expect many of the delegates of the A.F.L. to wrestle with the Old Man of the Sea as to look for them to vote against him. Still there is a tendency among some of the unions to branch out with new ideas. This started with the railroad men. Shortly after the

armistice was signed the railroad men began to advocate government ownership of the railroads and a guild form of management with profit sharing. Gompers and others of the Executive Council voted against its adoption as a policy of the A.F.L., but they were defeated. Then the miners adopted somewhat formally a programme of nationalization of the mines.

And now comes the sign of a real break in the policies of the A.F.L. At the last convention the railroad unions introduced a two-headed resolution calling for their railroad programme and a new programme for the rest of corporate industry. Two members of the Executive Council opposed the resolution more or less openly on the floor of the convention. The majority of the committee dealing with the resolution also opposed it, but the convention passed it.

The resolution calls for a distinctly new policy in the A.F.L. towards capitalism. The Executive Council is instructed to formulate legislation which will put those who contribute capital and those who contribute labour upon an equality in all corporate industry. This resolution was passed on Wednesday afternoon. On the afternoon before an address was delivered in which the resolution was indirectly explained. In the address it was pointed out that for labour to have an equal right with capital it should have the same voice in management and direction and the same share in surplus earnings. Participation in management and profits was, in a word, the point made in the address. The question of ownership was not brought up, but the logic of participation in management and profits calls for participation in ownership at least in most industries, and it is this which, though unexpressed, is in fact behind the resolution. Needless to say, this is a new policy for the A.F.L.

But the same old Executive Council is to formulate the legislation. As well expect blood from a turnip as such a policy from Gompers and the older of his friends.

Already the Executive Council is using the words of the resolution in its fight against court injunctions and other legal restrictions to collective bargaining. It has not been able to rise above the wage system or envisage the problem of the typical wage earner to-day. It still looks through the eyes of the cigar maker of the seventies. It looks through the eyes of the highly skilled moulder in a wilderness of despised "Hunkies." It looks through the eyes of a barber in a little shop on terms of intimacy with the "boss." The whole labour movement in the A.F.L. has been trained by its traditional leaders to accept the wage system and see the highest hopes of the working people realized in collective bargaining within the capitalist system. But the experience of the last few years and the bitter cup which now is being thrust upon them are forcing a change.

One of Mr. Gompers' aversions for years is Socialism. He has been railing against Soviet Russia for about three years, though there have been few in the American labour movement, and fewer still, if any, in the A.F.L., who had the slightest intention of trying for a Soviet America. But the continuous repetition has helped to turn the American working people away from Socialism and has probably made them ready, when they come to demand a forthright change in policy, for some other exit from capitalism than is offered by the Socialist. What the exit will be is perhaps indicated in the convention of last June. Still several of the members of the Executive Council will have to be changed before a step is consciously taken towards putting into effect a new policy.

Washington, D.C. R. A. McGowan.

CHRONICLE.

A Catholic Library for Dublin.

BY STEPHEN J. BROWN, S.J.

We are glad to be afforded an opportunity of placing before the readers of *Studies* a brief account of an enterprise recently launched, viz., the foundation in Dublin of a library, or rather the modest beginnings of a library, devoted to Catholic literature. The Irish title chosen for it, *Leabharlann an Chreidimh* (Library of the Faith) epitomises its character, while the English title, Central Catholic Library, draws attention to a feature aimed at from the first, easy accessibility from all parts of the city. Located, as it is, at 34 Westmoreland Street, it may fairly be said to be living up to its name.

The history of the enterprise is soon told. Though conceived many years back, the project was first definitely mooted in December last, and was at once greeted with encouraging warmth. An opportunity which then offered of acquiring very central premises was availed of, though actual possession was not secured until the following February. Moreover, the allocation to the scheme of a small bequest made it financially possible to proceed. Early in the new year, as a result of various private meetings and discussions, a general Committee was formed. It included among its members several well-known priests of the Dublin diocese and a number of laymen representing various professions. A Ladies' Sub-Committee was also formed and has from the outset rendered invaluable services to the enterprise. The rooms were fitted up as a library, and the work of collecting books was begun. Some twelve or thirteen hundred have up to the present been brought together. The library has not yet been opened to the public, but it is hoped that the opening may not be long delayed.

At an early stage of the project the approval of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin was sought, and it was granted in the most cordial manner. Since then his Grace has been pleased to accept the formal patronage of the work, and it will henceforth be carried on under his auspices.

Let me next endeavour to set forth as clearly as may be the aims and ideals of the promoters. It was realized that nowhere in Dublin, or for that matter in Ireland, is there a library of any size or importance and open to the general public where books dealing with Catholicism in all its varied aspects are available. There are a few sodality libraries; but their use is confined to members, and the range of the books they contain is not very wide. There are the municipal libraries; but their resources have always been very limited, and they are obliged to cater almost exclusively for the immediate wants and demands of local readers. Rathmines Carnegie Library, with its larger resources, has alone been

able to rise above this necessity. There is finally the National Library; but the National Library has suffered much from disabilities similar to those of the municipal libraries, and as a matter of fact its stock of books dealing, from the Catholic standpoint, with religious or semi-religious subjects, is very inadequate. Indeed, considerable acquaintance with public libraries in Dublin and elsewhere in Ireland has convinced the writer that Catholic literature is very ill-represented in them. But even were the National or any other public library fully stocked, as they are not likely ever to be,[1] with Catholic literature, there would still (we believe) be an opening and a need for some such library as is being created.

In the first place there is the permanent fact that Catholic literature in the English language is to the general mass of English literature, nay even of English religious literature, but as a few scattered drops in the ocean. Even a slight acquaintance with second-hand catalogues will convince anybody of that fact. Consequently Catholic literature is liable to escape the notice of anybody who does not, more or less, specialize in it. The average layman is all but unaware of its existence. The average ecclesiastic knows only certain restricted aspects of it. Its riches or its poverty (according to the point of view) cannot be appreciated unless it be segregated from the general mass and gathered into a place apart: it must be seen in concentration. Such concentration, moreover, would be an obvious help to the study of any religious subject, as it would be a help to the study of sociology to have a library composed of specially selected social and economic works. Again, let us suppose that to-morrow a given public library in Dublin were stocked with Catholic literature on every possible subject, still ignorance of that literature is at present so universal and so complete that most people would not know what books to ask for, and, failing this knowledge, would find little in the way of bibliography[2] to guide them and little expert advice to be had. In *Leabharlann an Chreidimh* the reader will be surrounded by Catholic books; he will have access to the shelves where he will find the books arranged according to subjects; and he will have every help in finding information that he is seeking.

Another consideration that weighed with the promoters from the outset was the fact that Dublin will be henceforward, more than it has

[1] They are not, I think, likely to be adequately supplied with books of Catholic defence and controversy, books dealing with the spiritual life, and books dealing with the priesthood and religious orders. Moreover, their stock of books in Latin and in foreign modern languages is likely to remain small.

[2] The Knights of Columbus have given an excellent lead in this respect. They have compiled and printed at their own expense bibliographies of the Catholic works contained in certain of the big public libraries of the United States. That of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg lies before me as I write. It is a substantial volume of 325 pages, superbly produced.

ever been hitherto, the centre of our national life. As the seat both of administration and of legislation—a national administration and a national legislature—it will concentrate in itself in an increasing degree many intellectual and social activities. During a considerable portion of the year deputies from all parts of Ireland will be in residence there. Matters vital to the religious life of the country will be debated and decided.

Now it will not be denied, at least by those interested enough in the subject to be observant, that at the present time the prevailing standard of knowledge regarding the higher aspects, especially the social and intellectual aspects, of Catholicism is low. Catholic ideals of social life, Catholic solutions of social and other questions, the Catholic attitude towards modern problems, the claims of Christianity in the moral and intellectual world—who will say that knowledge of these things is adequate or widespread ? I am not at the moment concerned with assigning causes for such a state of things. Doubtless a main cause was that lamentable period of our history during which all education was banned, all intellectual life stifled, the learning of all but the bare essentials of even religion itself rendered well-nigh impossible. But whatever be the cause, and the cause just assigned is not the sole cause, the fact remains that, while the faith is deeply rooted and the practice of religion general, interest in things Catholic among the educated classes, where we might well expect to find it strongest, is very feeble indeed. How many families of educated Catholics subscribe to religious periodicals ? What do they know of the Church's teachings on a multitude of subjects that interest the modern man ? What interest do they take in the Church's missionary activities throughout the world, or in her multifarious work for the education, regeneration, and uplifting of every class of society ? Does it ever so much as occur to most of them to purchase a book dealing with a religious subject ? What do they know of the Church's past, of her magnificent, if chequered, story all down the ages ? Yet if religion has any importance or significance whatsoever, it is surely far and away the most important and significant thing in life.

The result is twofold—on the one hand absence of what I may call the Catholic sense, involving a readiness to do things and to say things that are un-Catholic or that betray a strange indifference about matters vitally concerning their religion, an un-Catholic proneness to keep religion out of social and public life, a lack of just pride in their religion, nay only too often a secret shame, a sense of inferiority in the very fact of being Catholics, at best simple want of enthusiasm for the Catholic cause which, whatever the shortcomings of its defenders, is, after all, the cause of Christ. The other result referred to is the barrenness of Catholic religious literature in Ireland. The contrast in this respect

with the relative fecundity of Catholic literature in England with her much smaller Catholic population is striking and not easy to account for. It would be safe to say that more books by Catholic writers are published in Great Britain in a single year than are published in Ireland in five. A single example may be added. Having occasion some time ago to draw up a list of Catholic women authors, the present writer found it easy to enumerate some thirty for England, all of them well known at least in Catholic circles, while for Ireland it was difficult to scrape together even half-a-dozen names. As for modern religious literature in the Irish language, it is all but non-existent.

Can a Catholic library help in any way towards an improvement? We think it can, if not directly at least indirectly. At all events it places at the disposal of prospective writers on Catholic themes an instrument which they have hitherto lacked. It provides a means, whether or no it be availed of, whereby interest in things Catholic may be revived at least among a few. These may in their turn influence others.[1] Those who control public life through the Press, the pulpit, the platform and the school, will have at their command a source wherein they can reinvigorate the spirit of their own Catholicism.[2]

There exists already in Ireland, and above all in Dublin, a class of Catholics for whom the library might well have an immediate appeal. I mean those engaged in the many works of charity and zeal with which the City certainly abounds. It is the ambition of the promoters of *Leabharlann an Chreidimh* to provide for such workers a source, not merely of information about every form of Catholic activity both at home and abroad, but also of fresh inspiration. If, moreover, the library should be the means of adding new recruits to the ranks of the devoted band, it would have justified its existence.

May we not venture to hope also that the library may contribute in some degree to the deepening of the spiritual life by making more widely known the writings of saints and masters of Christian asceticism?

Yet another consideration that has been uppermost in the thoughts of the promoters is the isolation of Ireland as a Catholic nation. Our long and well-nigh exclusive association with a great Protestant people, bringing to bear (as it inevitably has done) on our ideas and on our general outlook all the overwhelming power of a Press, of which our own is often but a feeble echo, has, whether we like it or not, deeply influenced those of us who are open to such influence; and who is wholly immune?

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[1] It is in this respect especially that our enterprise hopes to second and promote the admirable work of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, viz., by stimulating interest in Catholic reading. The latter's primary object is to create a supply: we would fain help in creating a demand.

[2] Not that they can well be expected to read for long hours in *Leabharlann an Chreidimh* itself, but that it is hoped they may stock their own libraries with books such as they will find there.

We have been well-nigh cut off from the life and thought of the Catholic world. Our ideas about Catholic countries, about Poland and France, Southern Germany and Spain, Belgium and French Canada, are too often formed upon information tainted in its origin. Our views on political and social and moral questions vital to Catholicism have been derived, however unwittingly, from anti-Catholic sources, filtered, in fact, from the rabid anti-clerical and masonic Press of the Continent through highly respectable English and Irish dailies. It is time that Irish Catholicism resumed direct and intimate relations with what is best in continental Catholicism. Hence the ambition of the promoters of this library to gather into it as large a selection as their means will allow of the Catholic literature of the Continent, and in particular to place at the disposal of readers a great variety of Catholic periodicals from every land. Thanks to the generosity of the French Consul and of several French editors, this ambition has already been realized in part.

In general then it is hoped to make the Central Catholic Library a centre of Catholic thought, a well-spring, however modest its present beginnings, of information and of inspiration regarding every subject that concerns our Faith. Were our ambitions to be realized, and very much remains to be done before that realization shall be possible, professional men would consult the library on points at which their religion and their profession come in contact,[1] journalists would use its works of reference to secure authentic information on matters of fact concerning the Church, educationists would refresh their knowledge of the Catholic spirit in education, members of our future assemblies would go to authentic sources so as to ascertain the Church's teaching on matters in which politics and religion intersect. Nor must the general reader be left out of account. I believe that among the general Catholic public there are readers not a few who would find the books in our library interesting for their own sakes. After all there are few departments of human interest that would be unrepresented in such a library. An enumeration of the sections that it comprises will, I think, make that point clear.

Its thirty sections are as follows :—1. Holy Scripture ; 2. The Life of Christ our Lord ; 3. The Writings of the "Fathers" ; 4. Religious History ; 5. "Profane" History from the Catholic Standpoint ; 6. Apologetics ; 7. Dogmatic Theology ; 8. Moral Theology and Canon Law ; 9. Catholic Life, moral and social ; 10. Philosophy ; 11. Lives of the Saints ; 12. Catholic Biography[2] (what stories, more wonderful than any fiction, that section will contain !) ; 13. Foreign Missions ; 14. Catholic workers of zeal, charity, propaganda, etc. ; 15. Social

[1] Who is not aware that law and medicine, for instance, have many points of contact with Catholic dogma and Catholic ethics ?

[2] Including a valuable collection of narratives of Conversions to the Faith.

Theory and Practice; 16. The Ecclesiastical State (priesthood and religious life); 17. Education; 18. Catholicism to-day in foreign countries; 19. Sacred Art; 20. Sacred Music; 21. Liturgy; 22. Ecclesiology; 23. The Spiritual Life; 24. Sermons, Conferences, etc.; 25. Religion and Religions; 26. Belles Lettres (Fiction, poetry, essays, plays, etc.); 27. Miscellaneous; 28. Periodicals; 29. Ireland and the Faith; 30. Illustrated Works.

If in each of these departments a representative collection of books can be got together, the library will form a sort of permanent exhibition of Catholic intellectual achievement, and of the work of the Catholic Church in the world.

I would call special attention to Section 29. It is assuredly the most difficult to stock; for most of the books which should fill it are out of print and can be bought second-hand only at prohibitive prices. An appeal is hereby made to all readers of *Studies* to help us with this section particularly. It could be made exceedingly interesting and valuable.

It remains for me to define the scope and policy of the library according to the present intentions of its promoters. It should be noted in the first place that it lays no claim to be a library for general purposes. It does not rival, much less supplant, any existing library. It is a specialist library, specializing in Catholicism, that is to say it stocks only books that are of interest to Catholics *as such* or to enquirers interested in or curious about Catholicism. It does not include books that assail our religion or that are written from a hostile standpoint. Books of this latter type are to be found in abundance elsewhere in Dublin. It aims at being a useful supplement to existing libraries—no more than that. It will begin as a reference library only, but it hopes in course of time to develop a lending department on the model of the wonderful Bexhill library. It will be free and open to all of whatever class or religion. A special feature of its policy will be the stocking of a large selection of the literature of foreign Catholic countries.

Finally, let us say this. It is a library that will belong to its readers, in other words to the public of Dublin, in quite as real a sense as it belongs to the controlling Committee. It depends for its success wholly on the public.[1] It is within the power of the leading Catholics of Dublin to make it a success as they have made many another enterprise a success. If made a success, it will be a permanent possession of the Irish capital, and, let it be said, a somewhat unique possession, since few cities of the world at present possess a library on these lines.

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[1] Communications should be addressed the *Hon. Secretary, Central Catholic Library, 34 Westmoreland Street.*

REVIEWS.

Economics.

THE CONSUMERS' CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. London: Longmans. 1921. 18*s.* net.

To the ordinary person the achievements of Mr. and Mrs. Webb are almost incredible. Before one of these massive volumes has been read and digested by the bewildered public, another appears, equally massive and equally distinguished. During the last thirty years these two students have published a more valuable collection of economic literature than any other ten English authors combined. It is surely no exaggeration to say, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has said, that the Webbs' books are the most important contribution to economic literature that has appeared since the time of Adam Smith. The fact that we do not always agree with the views expressed by Mr. and Mrs. Webb, or even that we disagree fundamentally with the underlying principles of their social philosophy, cannot prevent us from acknowledging our profound indebtedness to them for the light that they have thrown on innumerable subjects, and for the fine spirit of industry and enthusiasm that has animated them in their arduous enterprise.

The volume now before us maintains the same standard of excellence that distinguished the authors' previous volumes. The rich documentation, the scrupulous accuracy of statement, and the acute analysis of ideas are all here. The present volume is not a history of the consumers' movement, but rather a description of it as it exists, and an examination of its place in the present and future structure of society. It is thus the counterpart, on the consumers' side, not of the *History of Trade Unionism*, but of *Industrial Democracy*. It must not be supposed that it is merely a new and revised edition of Mrs. Webb's *Co-operative Movement in Great Britain* which appeared in 1891; it is a totally new work in which no part of the earlier work is reproduced. As might be expected, the book is quite exhaustive in every respect. The authors are not mere blind admirers of the co-operative movement; on the contrary, they are candid friends who do not fear to indicate its difficulties and to criticise its defects. With characteristic candour they pay the greatest attention to the chief objection which is urged against the movement by its enemies,

namely, that it does nothing to ease the relationship of capital and labour, and that consumers' co-operation is, from this point of view, simply old capitalism writ large. Special emphasis is laid on the crying scandal of the treatment by the societies of their brain workers. "Indeed, one of the most characteristic features of employment in the co-operative movement compared with that of capitalist enterprise is the relatively low payment to managing ability and brain work generally." The authors give a very full and informative account of the many attempts which have been made, both by the C.W.S. and by the stores, to overcome their difficulties with their own employees; but we are afraid we cannot admit that conciliation has advanced much further in co-operative than in capitalist industry.

To the Irish reader the most interesting portion of this book will be the section which discusses the place of agriculture in the co-operative movement. On this subject a battle royal was waged some years ago between English and Irish co-operators, the former maintaining that farming could be perfectly well carried on by the consumers' societies, and the latter insisting on the superior merits of societies of the farmers themselves. In this contest the Irish co-operators were completely victorious, as is now admitted by Mr. and Mrs. Webb. "There is one extensive department of production," they say, "in which even the eventual dominance of associations of consumers may be questioned. In all the processes of agriculture . . . it is difficult to feel assured that organization by association of consumers is destined to be even the principal form." The authors conclude that agriculture may be best conducted by a "peasant industry, in which the continuous personal attention of the individual proprietor conduces to greater efficiency than production on a large scale." We may now take it as settled that the inroads of the English consumers' movement on our Irish farmers' movement is at an end, and that Irish agricultural co-operation will be suffered to develop under the guidance of its own chosen organisation and advisers.

It must not, however, be supposed that there is any such antagonism between the Irish farmers' movement and the English consumers' movement. Mr. and Mrs. Webb clearly contemplate that the two movements may be reconciled while remaining distinct. Still less must it be supposed that Irish co-operators will fail to derive much invaluable profit from the study of the present book. The two movements have many problems in common, arising out of their similar democratic structure and organisation. The sections of the book devoted to the keeping of the accounts of societies and to the "efficiency audit" are peculiarly relevant in Ireland at the present moment. Considerable anxiety is felt among Irish co-operators at the generally unsatisfactory method of stock-taking in vogue; and it is to be hoped that the I.A.O.S. may be able

to follow the example of the C.W.S. in providing a service of expert stocktakers for the small societies. The trouble at present is that, under the Industrial and Provident Society Acts, all balance sheets must be made up at certain fixed times of the year, and that therefore the services of the stocktakers would be needed by every society simultaneously. To correct this and other difficulties, legislation is needed.

It would be impossible in a review of this length even to mention the numerous topics which Mr. and Mrs. Webb discuss, but we cannot refrain from expressing our interest in some of the new developments of co-operative activity that are suggested. The conduct of foreign trade by the consumers' movement has been proved to be perfectly possible, and we have no doubt that the direct exchange of products by co-operative societies in different countries will spread in the future. Another interesting line of development suggested is inclusion of the municipality in the local society. For example, in cases where the town council requires to purchase articles of a kind dealt in by the stores, there seems no reason why it should not become an ordinary member of the store, and thus give to the citizens collectively the benefits arising from the elimination of the middleman's profit. We have no doubt that the suggestion will be widely adopted.

The last point made in the book, with which we cannot refrain from expressing our entire agreement, is the peculiar suitability of the consumers' movement for the carrying on of the daily press. At present the press is controlled by a handful of rich capitalists who make use of it to further their own policy and to exploit the public. If ever there was a service which should be controlled exclusively in the interest of the consumer, surely the press is such a service; and we look forward with keen interest and hope to the day when the great newspapers will be owned by co-operative societies composed of their readers. These are but a few of the subjects dealt with in this wholly admirable book, which we do not hesitate to pronounce absolutely indispensable for all students of co-operation and of economics in general. G. O'B.

LE TRAVAIL DANS L'EUROPE CHRETIENNE AU MOYEN AGE. (Ve-XVe SIECLES). Par P. Boissonnade. Paris: Alcan. 1922. 18 fr.

WHAT we said about MM. Renard and Weulersse's book in this series also applies to the present volume, which is rather a general economic history of the period dealt with than a mere history of labour. Far from making this the subject of complaint, we consider it a matter for congratulation. The author seems to have realized that it is quite impossible to segregate the different sections of economic history in watertight compartments, and that the

only thoroughly satisfactory way of depicting the condition of the labouring class is to portray it in relation to the general economic life of the period. He has consequently presented us with a very complete and readable account of the economic progress of Europe during the darkest thousand years of its history. But we must hasten to add that the darkness of the middle ages is but relative and subjective; the period is dark to us because we have not studied it, not because it was in any way uncivilised or barbarian. Upon this darkness of our vision Professor Boissonnade has thrown a flood of light; and has amply justified his assertion that he would prove that the middle ages were not "un abîme vide et ténébreux entre deux époques pleines de vie et de lumière," but rather "l'une des périodes les plus brillantes et les plus fécondes du passé historique, pendant laquelle le travail a franchi l'une des étapes les plus décisives vers le bien-être, la justice, et la liberté."

The book is concerned with the objective phenomena of economic life during the middle ages rather than with the economic conceptions and theories that animated and explained the life of the time. Nevertheless the author found it impossible to avoid making constant reference to the great part played in the moulding of mediaeval civilization by the Church and its teaching. It was the Christian missionaries who reintroduced culture and ordered life into the territories laid waste by the barbarian invaders; and, amongst these missionaries, not the least important were the Irish, to whose services the author is fully alive. "L'Hibernie," we read in one place, "l'île des saints, organisatrice de ce dernier centre monastique italien [Bobbio], rivalise avec l'Aquitaine gallo-romaine et avec l'Angleterre, pleine de l'ardeur des néophytes, en essaimant dans l'Occident ses laborieuses colonies monastiques. Elle rend ainsi à la civilisation un service inoubliable." It was the Church, moreover, which encouraged the growth and maintained the existence of the urban guild system, which was the characteristic feature of mediaeval industrial life. The author draws attention to the admirable spirit of fraternity and solidarity that marked the relations of employer and workman in the middle ages, but does not, in our opinion, sufficiently emphasise the fact that this good feeling was but the outward and visible sign of the inward animating spirit of the age.

There is only one point on which the author seems to have fallen into a slight error. In the discussion on usury he appears to assume that the basis of the distinction between legitimate and illegitimate interest in the Canon Law was the purpose for which the loan was designed. He suggests that interest was permitted in the case of loans for productive purposes and forbidden in the case of loans for

consumption. This, however, was not the true foundation upon which the Canonist permission of interest was based. The purpose for which the loan was designed was immaterial; the true ground of distinction was whether or not the lender suffered, or might be presumed to suffer, any loss in addition to parting with the possession of his money.

We may add, in conclusion, that the interest of the book is enhanced by many excellent illustrations, and its value increased by a well-informed bibliography. G. O'B.

Education.

THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION. Educational Practice and Progress considered as a phase of the development and spread of Western Civilisation. By Ellwood P. Cubberley, Professor of Education, Leland Stanford Junior University. London: Constable. 1922. 15*s.* net. pp. 849.

This general and very expanded history of Education is the result, as the author states, of over twenty years of work on the subject, directed towards professional duties both at his own University and at Harvard. Its size and contents make it a rather disconcerting exception to the recent tendency in works on the History of Education. There is a real place for the terse and generalised summary of that history, and for the scientific manual dealing in first-hand detail with specific periods or topics. But the volume now under notice aims at being both, at once and for everything; and it is regrettable that it succeeds in neither. There is neither enough of detail to enable a student to get fully into the real sources, nor—as the number of pages makes obvious—sufficient brevity to present the salient traits of great movements in a clear and striking way. Even this volume has to be lightened by transferring a good deal to a companion volume of readings; but the selected readings in many cases fail to include the real modern sources for the various periods under review.

Upon two main periods—the mediæval and the renaissance epochs—the reviewer has examined this *History of Education* in detail. The writings of Duhem, Picavet, Maritain, and others have simply revolutionised all the accepted traditional comments on the Middle Ages, which filled the history texts of the days of Macaulay and Froude. The American text-writer still lives in that self-satisfied and most ignorant age; and the writing of Mr. Cubberley goes farther—it shows a tendency to replace the ignorant comments of Macaulay and Froude by the still more ignorant comments of Joseph McCabe and R. H. Dabney. The tendency to quote the works of obscure modern sciolists at the foot of his pages is a marked characteristic of Mr. Cubberley.

On the Renaissance period, a measure of misappreciation which led to the ignoring of the great advances of the mediæval schools in pure science, continues in the newer domain of classical literature. "The order of the Jesuits," we are told, "was anti-democratic and was founded to uphold authority"—a strange concept of the nature of democracy, which even in America needs an army, a navy, and a civil service resting on and worked through "authority." To the purely classroom work of that body, and of the Institute of de la Salle, there is some credit given, but the result of it is, in the case of the Jesuits, open to question. Mr. Cubberley has to his credit the discovery of a really new way of imputing to the Jesuits the doctrine of the end as justifying the means. Here is his insinuating footnote: "It is an interesting speculation as to whether the fact that the Jesuits made such headway in German lands, and so deeply impressed their training on the children there, has had any connection with the attitude of German and Austrian political leaders, for two centuries, that the end justifies the means, however unworthy the means may be." We leave it at that; for in this field, as in many others, what Mr. Cubberley takes to be as authorities are not authorities at all, and the real authorities and sources appear to be unknown to him. How else could he come to write (p. 344) that the Church "never made general provision for education"?

The book is profusely illustrated, but on no scientific basis. Merely ideal pictures of educational scenes are mixed up, as of equal value, with valuable original documents of this kind. It is regrettable that in most cases there is a lack of adequate reference to the sources from which these illustrations are taken, and there are several instances of the results of recent research and personal work being taken over and printed without any acknowledgment whatever. T. C.

Fiction.

THE BETTER PART. By Richard Ball. London and Edinburgh: Sands. 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

IRISH historical novels are far removed from the position of *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—at least in the more or less raging sea of modern Irish fiction. Mr. Ball, however, has given us in *The Better Part* something out of the common. He has chosen a period fascinating in itself, and not the less fascinating because it is unfamiliar or, more strictly speaking, vaguely familiar. There are, perhaps, few people who know anything of the history of Ireland in "the spacious days" who do not know something about the captivity of the Earl of Desmond in Dublin and his escape therefrom; there are still fewer who would obtain full marks in an examination on the subject. For this reason the author's explanation

in the Foreword that he has made no attempt towards " accurate recording of historical facts " is to be commended for its candour.

His aim, he tells us, is to deal with "a definite historical period," and he deserves to be congratulated on the manner in which he has achieved his purpose. On the whole he displays no little skill in handling the traditional style in which stories of the sixteenth century are wont to be told. Such an expression as " towards duskish " is, however, not to be recommended, but may be pardoned in a beginner. Now and again the coats of mail creak a little, and the " Wardour Street " atmosphere becomes a degree oppressive, but more well-known writers have offended in this way ere now.

A love story, of course, winds its way through the historical matter and has a happy ending. As not seldom happens in stories of this kind, the villains stand out in bolder relief than those of nobler nature ; and Mr. Ball strikes one as more at home in his treatment of male than of female characters. Mistress Marjorie Maynard is none the less a winsome creature. Faith rather than Fatherland is the theme of the book, and supplies the *motif*. The account of the torture of Lord William on the rack is quietly but effectively told.

A peculiar interest is imparted just now to this story in so much as it deals very largely with Dublin Castle. In this year of Grace when, after many centuries, that unhallowed seat of tyranny has fallen into the hands of the people over whom it frowned so long, we read of it in the days of its most evil significance with a certain measure of satisfaction. Mr. Ball has done well in selecting this citadel of the Pale as the chief scene of his story. Indeed, it is a matter of surprise and regret that the potentialities for historical story-writing of that Palace and Prison combined have not been more developed. The Tower of London has proved of incalculable value to the English historical novelist. The Bermingham Tower and Dublin Castle should offer to the Irish writers of the same school very considerable possibilities. Mr. Ball has shown very capably what can be done in this direction. W. D.

History.

DAUGHTERS OF BANBA. By Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M.A. Dublin : M. H. Gill. 1922. 10*s*.

This work breaks new ground and whets the appetite for a larger volume dealing with the part played in Irish history by women. It is really a charming book, well documented, and covering the ground as far as the eighteenth century. Banba, Fola, and Eire are female warrior queens, and our Jacobite poets loved to address Ireland under these names as well as under those of Cathleen ni Houlihan, Cait ni Duibhir, Roisin dubh, etc.

Quite delightful are the chapters on "The Women of the Irish Sages," "The Holy Women of the Gael," "Mothers of the Saints of Erin," and "The Women of the Towns," but it is a pity that the chapter on "The Women of the Cloisters," dealing with Nuns in Ireland during the Middle Ages, is so scrappy and unsatisfactory. A most interesting book could be written on the Pre-Reformation Nunneries of Ireland; the subject is virgin, for it has never been treated adequately by any of our ecclesiastical historians. It is scarcely correct to write that "the Galls grabbed" the existing Irish Nunneries at Kildare, Clonbroney, etc. And surely the Austin Canons and Austin Canonesses were in Ireland long before the Anglo-Normans came. In this connection it is news to be told that Dermot MacMurrogh founded "St. Mary's, Dublin," and "Kilclehin (Tipperary)": as a fact Kilculliheen or Kilkilliheen is in Co. Kilkenny, not Tipperary. Canon Carrigan, in his book on Ossory, gives the history not only of Kilkilliheen but of seven other nunneries in Ossory unnoticed by Mrs. Concannon.

Is it by accident or design that the Calendars of State Papers, Patent Rolls, Papal Letters, and Stuart Papers are not quoted? And yet these furnish notices of several Augustinian, Benedictine, Cistercian, and Franciscan Nunneries in Ireland before the period of the so-called Reformation? In regard to the Poor Clares, the quaint narrative of Mother Mary Bonaventure Browne could have been profitably supplemented by a reference to the *Lismore Papers*, while in regard to Bethlehem there is a piquant account in the *Aphorismal Discovery*.

Probably want of space must be the explanation of no reference to the Carmelite Nuns who had a house at Loughrea in 1680, and whose history is told by Father James P. Rushe, O.D.C. At page 150 the reference to "Waterford" should be "Wexford," as Mother Mary Augustine was Abbess of Wexford from 1646 to 1649; but this is probably a printer's error—of which numerous instances could be quoted. One last grumble—Siobhan (Joan) O'Donnell was not a daughter of Inghean Dubh.

But these minor flaws do not lessen our keen appreciation of the real scholarship and strong appeal of Mrs. Concannon's work. We cordially commend it.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

MONAGHAN: 1660-1860. *A Modern County History.* By Denis Carolan Rushe, B.A., F.R.S.A.I. With Preface by Shane Leslie. Dundalk: Dundalgan Press. 1921. Pp. 359.

IN his preface to this wholly admirable work, Mr. Shane Leslie points out that it is "written obviously from the popular side," while it shows "a constant effort to be fair to the gentry and to avoid any religious bias." We have good reason in Ireland to be

on our guard against "the impartial historian": John Mitchel, in a few telling sentences, disposed of his claims seventy years ago, though the tribe still flourishes. Mr. Rushe needs no effort to be fair: he lets the facts speak for themselves, and the side of the work dealing with the deep religious life of the Monaghan people gives that vital and personal element in religion its full weight, while not neglecting the more public issues which bear on this supreme concern. For the first time we have a local history in and of an Irish region which secures ample and dignified treatment of religion in modern Irish life. This alone would make the work worth buying and worth studying. To others who would write of the Irish people of the past two centuries it would be good advice to tell them to imitate Mr. Rushe's admirable method.

But this is by no means all. Only an investigator of experience can judge of the great labour and care that Mr. Rushe has put into the secular side of his enduring work. It is full of varied knowledge, well written, without waste of words, and with a due sense of values and proportion. The lists alone will exhibit the range of the writer's life-long industry. But there is one main portion which is of transcendant value as a model of a history of the people. More than a third of the volume is a full and extraordinarily interesting account of the lives of the Catholic farmers and landowners, shopkeepers and townsfolk in the eighteenth century. No more effective bit of descriptive writing on this essential aspect of our national history has ever been done: it is written with the apparent ease of an author whom long familiarity has made master of many facts, but who can with skill and modesty weld them into one even-textured whole. If Monaghan schools need an historical reader, here is the essential substance, with special and most attractive illustrations from rare sources. Mr. Rushe has served his county well. T. C.

NEW YORK AS AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MUNICIPALITY. Prior to 1731 by Arthur E. Peterson, Ph.D.; 1731 to 1776 by George W. Edwards, Ph.D. Two Vols. New York: Columbia University Press: London: King. 20*s.*

THESE two volumes form portion of the excellent series of monographs on history, economics, and public law, published by the Columbia University Press, and are everything that such publications ought to be. The infant city of New Amsterdam in 1653 was small in area, small in population. From the wall south to the water was a scant half mile, and this limited area was occupied by less than one hundred and twenty houses, when rights of municipal government were first granted to the community. Even then

fortune hunters from many nations were numbered amongst its inhabitants; for the settlement was not a product of the Dutch government, but rather of a trading corporation whose membership knew no national limits. The growth of its population during this period was already abnormal; for by 1731 it had reached 8,600, and in 1771 it stood at 21,800. With the growth of population the municipality grew also in privilege and power, at first on Dutch and afterwards on English lines. But it could not be called democratic; for it was not until 1834 that the mayor was chosen by popular vote of its citizens.

This functionary, who was chosen by the Governor of the province, was a kind of municipal Pooh-Bah, being empowered to act as clerk of the market, water bailiff and coroner. Municipal home rule in the theoretical sense of the term did not exist. The lower house of the provincial legislature was invariably antagonistic to the municipality, at least where the interests of the city were in conflict with those of the rural counties. On occasions the provincial judiciary also interfered in local administration; but the governor and his council were generally friendly in their attitude, although the support of the former functionary on important matters was generally purchased.

The municipal life could hardly be called tolerant; for both Jews and Catholics were excluded from the rights of citizenship, and we read that in 1745 one resident, for acknowledging himself to be a Roman Catholic, received eleven lashes on the bare back. Again in 1741 the so-called "Negro Conspiracy," of which there was no proof whatever, led to a wicked persecution of the negroes. For several weeks negroes were hurried to the stake, begging for mercy until their shrieks were silenced by the flames. This instance of utter brutality forms a fitting interlude between the horrors of Salem witchcraft on the one hand and modern lynchings on the other. In dealing with its dependent classes, the city, as a typical eighteenth century government, generally followed a policy which implied neglect of both health and comfort.

Each of these volumes is lucidly written and fully documented, presenting together a complete and interesting picture of the period. We commend them as admirable models to Irish writers and students, and trust that our own universities will soon turn their attention to the publication of similar studies. JOHN J. HORGAN.

Philosophy.

LA PSYCHOLOGIE FRANÇAISE CONTEMPORAINE. By Georges Dwelshauvers. Paris: Alcan. 1920. 10fr.

THE history of recent English and German Psychology has long since been written by Ribot in two monographs. The work under review performs the same task for French Psychology. It was undertaken more than eleven years ago at the suggestion of Ribot. It does not aim at giving a complete and detailed history, which would require a much larger book, but keeps within the plan adopted by Ribot, giving the salient ideas of the chief thinkers, and showing the various influences and tendencies. The author succeeds admirably in this more difficult task of combining fulness with precision and has given us a very important contribution to the literature of Psychology.

The development of Psychology in France has been very distinctive, and contrasts sharply with that of England and Germany. It is more artistic, subtle, finished, and abounds in brilliant passages. It is less "scientific" than the German, deeper than the English, freer and less confined in grooves than either. It delights in concrete psychological description. It relies less on analytic introspection than on reflection and intuition. Its analysis is not confined to the surface of the mind, but probes to its subconscious depths. It is less interested in sensation than the German school, and gives more attention to emotion and will. It is broader in outlook, not satisfied with specialisation on partial aspects, but interested in mind as a whole. It is more synthetic, more theoretically constructive, more philosophical. It is anti-Sensist, and is even Rational. It favours vitalism rather than mechanism. The mind is to it something living, spontaneous and active. It upholds personality and freedom of will. It has connexions with the Romantic movement. It is inclined to over-speculation and often has sympathies with a vague Pantheism. In two branches especially France has been a pioneer, the psychology of concrete types and collective Psychology.

The founder of modern French Psychology is Maine de Biran. He is sometimes absurdly called the "French Kant." He is influenced, rather, by the Vitalists and Descartes, and, later, by Bossuet and Fénelon. He maintains an immediate consciousness of activity, effort, freedom. He distinguishes (following Buffon's *homo duplex* doctrine) a lower stratum of the mind (*affection simple*), which asserts itself in dream, in inattention, in the passions, in unreasoned likes and dislikes, etc., from the higher life of activity and reflection. The domain of habit links these two "lives." In his later years he added a third level, *la vie divine*, in which grace rules sensibility.

Next come the Eclectics. Condillac's Sensism had given way to the view that the mind is richly endowed with activities. Laromiguière

and Royer-Collard led the new movement. The Scottish school, with its distinction of perception from sensation, and with its skill in psychological analysis and description, appealed strongly to this school. Victor Cousin, an orator and politician as well as philosopher, imported views of Kant, Schelling and Hegel, and preached a vague doctrine of "impersonal reason." Jouffroi, a deeper thinker, made a serious attempt to classify the faculties of the mind; gave an original treatment of association; solved the problem of the unity of the mind on the lines of Biran; and grappled earnestly with the problem of immortality. The Eclectic school included Garnier, Bouillier, Vacherot and Paul Janet; it was characterised by much learning and thoroughness, but lacked unity and philosophical tradition. It was vigorously opposed by new and independent movements, especially by Comte, Cournot, Renouvier, Ravaisson, and Taine. With Comte, nerve centres and consensus of organic functions take the place of faculties and the self; but he is not so opposed to introspection as is commonly supposed. He is the initiator of the psychology of biographies, and of the method of enquêtes; and gave the stimulus to the collective Psychology of Durkheim and his school. Cournot, whose works abound in subtle and original ideas, defends an interesting Rational Psychology based on Biology. Renouvier, influenced by Leibniz as well as by Kant, also develops a Rational Psychology, in which the notions of freedom and personality are dominant. His most eminent pupil is Hamelin. Ravaisson is one of the most important figures in recent French philosophy. He was a deep student of Aristotle and of Leibniz. He developed a lofty pantheistic Spiritualism. He worked out a profound treatment of the psychology of habit. He is in many respects a precursor of Bergson. Taine, more artistic than philosophical in temperament, is less important for his book *L'Intelligence*—a superficial work, now deservedly consigned to oblivion—than for his classic essays in concrete Psychology, in which he showed himself a master, and also for his philosophy of art.

French experimental psychology has also been very distinctive in its aims and methods. The author promises a special work dealing with its development during the past forty years. In the present book an extended sketch is given of the work of its inaugurator, Ribot, and of its best-known representatives, Binet, Pierre Janet, and Paulhan.

After Tarde and Fouillée, Lachelier's very influential teaching is expounded. Boutroux's system is next sketched. Briefer accounts are given of Hannequin, Lagneau, Brunschvieg, and Lalande.

At last comes the most successful section of the book, a wonderfully clear summary of the psychology of Bergson, followed by a detailed criticism.

The concluding section gives a lucid summary of influences and tendencies, with a somewhat Utopian sketch of the ideal towards which French psychology is tending. J. SHINE.

Poetry.

AROUND THE BOREE LOG, AND OTHER VERSES. By "John O'Brien." Sydney: Angus and Robertson. 1922. 6*s*.

An Australian journal in its criticism of this book awards to "John O'Brien" the title, "Poet Laureate of the Irish settlers in Australia." The distinction is amply merited. The pseudonym "John O'Brien" conceals the name of a priest; only a priest could have the intimate knowledge of clerical life manifest on every page. The priest is an Irishman. If not born in Ireland, he has inherited in their fullness the higher characteristics of the Irish soul—deep religious feeling, reverence for the sanctities and the affections of family life, a sense of the pathos and the heroism of the struggle with adversity, and withal a lively appreciation of the humorous elements which in pictures of Irish life so often lie close to the harsher features. Irish as he is in temperament and in sympathy, in his patriotism "John O'Brien" is whole-heartedly Australian. Australia is to him the worthiest theme of a poet's muse :—

> They sing the songs of all the earth,
> Of tender sky and dimpling sea,
> But all their strains have not the worth
> Of one Australian song to me.

The subjects which gave inspiration for this charming volume are, no doubt, the joys and sorrows, the loves and labours of Irish homes. But these homes form a pioneer settlement in the Australian bush, planted there in "the sixty-fives" on the outer fringe of civilisation. The scenes and the setting are wholly Australian, the scent of gum trees is in the air, and the voices of Wiree and Kookaburra mingle with the cadences of the verses. The figures that pass before us—"all the Regans and the Ryans and the whole mob of O'Briens," the hard-featured farmer, the bustling housewife, Mary Casey, the beauty of the colony, Father Pat, its white-haired pastor, and his housekeeper, Josephine—they are all familiar to us, their "doubles" are with us still. But in "John O'Brien's" pages we see these well-known types in new surroundings, the same in nothing but their moods of soul, their virtues and their weaknesses.

Of them all none will reach the reader's heart more surely than the "Little Irish Mother" who rears for Australia her family of ten, a human series in "steps and stairs."

> With trust in God and her good man
> She settled neath the spur;
> The old slab-dwelling spick and span
> Was world enough for her;
> The lamp-light kissed her raven hair
> As, when her work was done,
> She lined us up beside her chair
> And taught us one by one.

The stages of her career are summed up in a few stanzas, exquisite in form and feeling :—

There's a Little Irish Mother that a lonely vigil keeps
In the settler's hut where seldom stranger comes,
Watching by the home-made cradle where one more Australian sleeps
While the breezes whisper weird things to the gums,
Where the settlers battle gamely, beaten down to rise again,
And the brave bush wives the toil and silence share,
Where the nation is a-building in the hearts of splendid men—
There's a Little Irish Mother always there.

There's a Little Irish Mother—and her head is bowed and gray,
And she's lonesome when the evening shadows fall ;
Near the fire she "do be thinkin'," all the "childer" are away,
And their silent pictures watch her from the wall.
For the world has claimed them from her, they are men and women now,
In their thinning hair the tell-tale silver gleams ;
But she runs her fingers, dozing, o'er a tender baby brow—
It is "little Con" or "Bridgie" in her dreams.

. . . . . .

When at last the books are balanced in the settling-up to be,
And our idols on the rubbish-heap are hurled,
Then the Judge shall call to honour—not the "stars," it seems to me,
Who have posed behind the footlights of the world ;
But the king shall doff his purple, and the queen lay by her crown,
And the great ones of the earth shall stand aside
While a Little Irish Mother in her tattered faded gown
Shall receive the crown that earth to her denied.

F. T.

Politics.

POLITICAL WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF PADRAIC H. PEARSE. Dublin: Maunsel & Roberts. 1922. 10*s*.

I HAVE often wondered how long it will be before the English reclaim their fraction of Patrick Pearse, whether it be a half, or a third, or a quarter, whatever share his English blood had in his nature. He certainly wrote English as no Englishman wrote it in his day. Compare the "Political Writings of P. H. Pearse" with the writings of Wells, or Chesterton, or Kipling, or for that matter Bernard Shaw. The cleverness of these writers is lacking. But there is a strong simple English, great like the soul of the man that wrote it, that makes the lights of these popular flames burn very dim. The epigrammatic qualities of Grattan or Kettle are not his ; but, as was said of Grattan, these pages are filled with the proverbs of freedom. Take this as example: "Alway it is the many who fight for the evil thing; and the few who fight for the good thing; and alway it is the few who win. For God fights with the small battalions."

Yet it was not till Pearse had written his creed in his own blood that men heeded him. He was a voice crying from a hermitage—the title which he has given to a large section of these writings. Nor do men really heed him even now. If his be the divine truth, though all parties do him reverence, yet every party blasphemes him. When a man reads Pearse, he feels towards him as one who reads St. John of the Cross, or even A Kempis. You know they are right, that this is the path of glory. And yet, *tenues grandia*. It would indeed be impossible to make any quotations from this book, without seeming to write a controversial political article. For Pearse insists on two things, and two things only: the need for absolute independence, the sin of permanent compromise.

It is better to dwell on matters of less acute controversy. His statement that England and the United States are "spiritually one," is a piece of deep insight, a striking testimony from a witness without bias. He takes Synge's side in the "Playboy" controversy. His admiration for Parnell is also remarkable, a feeling he shares with Yeats and Griffith. In "Ghosts," beginning with the famous and dire aphorism that "there has been nothing more terrible in Irish history than the failure of the last generation," which he defines as the generation from 1890 to 1915, he continues: "One finds oneself wondering what sin these men have been guilty of, that so great a shame should come upon them. Is it that they are punished with loss of manhood, because in their youth they committed crime against manhood? . . . . Does the ghost of Parnell haunt them to their damnation?"

A. E. C.

THE JEWS OF EASTERN EUROPE. By Rev. J. H. Adeney, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 1921. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND. By Rev. H. P. Stokes, Litt.D. (S.P.C.K. 1921. 5*s.* 6*d.*)

THE JEWS. By Hilaire Belloc. (Constable. 1922. 9*s.*)

WORLD REVOLUTION. By Nesta A. Webster. (Constable. 1921. 18*s.*)

THE INTERNATIONAL JEW. Two vols. (Dearborn Publishing Co. 1920-1921. 25c. each).

LE PROBLEME JUIF. Par Georges Batault. (Plon-Nourrit. 1921. 7 fr. 50).

LE REGNE D'ISRAEL CHEZ LES ANGLO-SAXONS. Par R. Lambelin. (Grasset. 1921. 6 fr. 75).

GROSSMACHT PRESSE. Von Joseph Eberle. (Pustet. New ed. 1920. M. 18).

DER NEUE MERKUR: Zur judischen Frage. (Munich. Aug. 1921. M. 5.50).

It is not intended to write a review of the books whose titles are here set down; still less to write an article on the subject to which they all refer; opportunity may offer later to discuss it in the pages of this Review. For the moment we desire only to bring under our readers' notice the widespread interest which the subject is creating, and the practical consequences which the interest may entail.

All the books deal with what M. Georges Batault calls *Le Problème Juif* —the Jewish Problem. Nearly all—if we except the *Neue Merkur* and, in a lesser degree, Mr. Hilaire Belloc's book—are distinctly, at times bitterly, hostile to the Jews. And they come from Germany, from France, from England and the United States. We might add largely to the list from other countries; and the anti-Jewish tone of almost all such publications is fairly represented by the books above quoted.

It is not easy for us in Ireland to realise what importance the Jewish question has taken on within the last few years. We have been used to read of it in the history of medieval Europe and in that of modern Russia; but, until lately, we have heard little of it elsewhere; and circumstances have not drawn attention to it among ourselves. There has been no considerable immigration of Jews into Ireland; and such as have come to us exercise no marked influence in commerce, finance, or politics. We have no Jewish problem clamouring for solution.

If we may believe writers like Mrs. Webster, *The Dearborn Independent*, M. Batault, and a multitude of others, the case is very different throughout the rest of Europe and in America. There the Jews are engaged persistently and actively in promoting social unrest, even revolution, in order to secure for themselves world domination, and to bring about the destruction of Christianity. The peoples, we are told, are awakening to the danger which threatens them. Feeling is rising against the Jews; and our authors' purpose is to intensify the feeling. They appear to desire and to anticipate a great anti-Jewish movement, undertaken by the Christian world in self-defence, and resulting in the expulsion of the Jews, if not from Christian territories, at least from the position of social, political and financial power which they occupy in nearly every Christian state at present.

The question is one of supreme interest, as is clear, both for the Christian states and for the Jews. We hope to examine it at some length in the next issue of STUDIES. P. F.

Religion.

HELLENISM AND CHRISTIANITY. By Edwyn Bevan. London: Allen and Unwin. 1921. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

IT may be questioned whether a collection of somewhat disconnected essays reprinted from serials of various types forms a suitable vehicle for conveying a distinct theory of religious belief—and that is what Mr. Bevan has set himself to do. The essays form, no doubt, good reading taken individually; as a personal statement of the writer's own views they may be considered fairly satisfactory; but presumably his intention was to produce a chain of reasoning which would carry some conviction

to the careful reader, and here we find the result somewhat deficient in cogency on account of the form adopted. The task of finding a suitable title for a miscellaneous volume is not an easy one, and without any desire to be captious, we think the title chosen is not very happy; for, with the exception of a few, the essays[1] really contain little about Hellenism, though there is plenty about Christianity as understood by the author.

Turning to what is really more important, namely, the substantive argumentation in favour of this Christianity, we should like to distinguish between Mr. Bevan's criticism of present-day unbelief and his more constructive effort in apologetics. Although we do not consider that the essays are original in a very deep sense, yet it cannot be denied that he handles the modern Scepticism which bases itself upon the data of science with vigour, clarity and a certain freshness of style. He uses some iteration in stressing the view with which we thoroughly agree, that the more effective attack on Christian faith to-day proceeds from the somewhat vague data of anthropology and psychology, and that the notion that miracles for instance can be disproved by *à priori* scientific principles is getting more and more out of date. He puts his view clearly in the following sentences: "It is obvious that none of us can ever claim to have a complete and final theory of the world-pattern, that all attacks upon the belief in miracles on the ground that they are 'against reason' are foolish. Stories of miracles do not conflict with reason; what they conflict with is a large mass of human experience. This does not prove them to be untrue, because the mass of experience upon which modern natural science is based, although very large, is infinitely smaller than the universe." But he goes on to say that we should not admit stories to be miraculous if we find it possible to account for them without being obliged to modify the theory of the world-pattern which our experience has provided. We are not quite sure whether we could in every case subscribe to this last proposition; but this is far less material than the question of refusing to admit the miraculous under any circumstances.

Mr. Bevan appears to have constructed a positive theory of belief, though it would seem with much limitation and even some misgivings, which satisfies him at least as the best possible solution of the riddles of this universe. If he can hold to this attentuated faith in the Christian religion, he is certainly in a better position than those to whom his essays seem to be mainly directed. But if he thinks that his agnostic readers will find in his book a sound or logical ground for passing over to his own intellectual position, we fear that he relies too much upon what is purely subjective to produce any deep effect upon minds differently constituted from his own. His standpoint is that of the pure Modernist

[1] His treatment of the Gnostics is illuminating, and two essays on the well-known theme of St. Augustine's conversion make a very strong impression.

who is willing to forego all argument based upon what he calls " scientific facts." He seems, for instance, not to deny the doctrine of the Virgin Birth or the Resurrection of Christ, but to waive aside such questions as immaterial. Yet he talks about tradition, and the beliefs of the Christian Church, and even of its authority. But he will only allow this authority in regard to what he calls " spiritual values " as distinct from " alleged historical events." He believes in " the supreme value of the Christian idea of love "—it is enough for him. But why, oh why, does he think that, by writing a book which centres in that idea (a grand one truly), he can bring his readers to become Christian if they feel more comfortable as they are ? H. B.

LITURGICAL PRAYER : Its History and Spirit. By the Right Rev. Fernand Cabrol, O.S.B. London : Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 1922. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

Le Livre de la Prière Antique, of which the present work is a translation, was first published in 1900 and has already appeared in several languages. Its author, joint Editor with Dom Henri Leclercq of the *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie chrétienne et de Liturgie*, ranks among the first living authorities on matters liturgical. While collecting materials for the larger and more technical work, Abbot Cabrol was inspired with the happy idea of making his results accessible to a less restricted circle of readers. Within the compass of a single volume he has brought together the more important features of the Liturgical Prayer of the Early Church—a *terra incognita* to so many devout laymen.

The language which gives expression to man's worship of God—Liturgy—must like every other language be studied scientifically if we would have an intelligent understanding of its resources and the laws controlling its evolution through the early centuries of Christianity. In the Liturgy of Prayer we have a cross-section of the whole Christian Religion—its dogma and worship, the sublime poetry of its symbolism, the divine inspiration of its life of prayer and communion with God.

The first five chapters treat of Prayer in relation to early Christian life, the different elements of Liturgical Prayer, and the forms of petition employed in antiquity. The origin of the Mass, which belongs to " the most ancient of all the strata forming the sub-structure of the Liturgy " (p. 62), is adequately discussed through several chapters. In Part III. we are treated to a very full *exposé* of the oldest formularies of prayer, the hymns and doxologies of the Liturgy, the various Creeds, the prayers of the Martyrs and early Christians, the genesis and contents of the Liturgical Books (the Missal, Breviary, Pontifical, Ritual, Ceremonial of Bishops, and the Martyrology).

Next, the author treats of the Christian Day (the Canonical Office, with its garnered treasures of doctrine and religious poetry), the Christian Week, and the liturgical year, with its changing seasons from Advent to Easter and Pentecost. In Part V. we have Christ as the centre of the Liturgy, and about Him are grouped the Blessed Virgin and the Saints: the Liturgy here "does but follow in the paths marked out by the Gospel and by the earliest Christian tradition." In Part VI. are quoted at length characteristic passages illustrating the sublime symbolism of the Church in her ceremonies of consecration and dedication of the House of God and the blessing of the Christian cemetery, as well as the early formulas of Exorcism. After a full treatment of the Sacraments and their place in the sanctification of the Christian life, Dom Cabrol brings together in a concluding section entitled *Euchology* a very useful series of prayers taken from the Church's Liturgy, including the Ordinary of the Mass (whose ancient rites are briefly explained), prayers from ancient sources for Sunday, for Confession and Communion.

This short summary gives but a poor account of the vast riches accumulated in the present volume: it is the reader's duty to raise the hidden treasure for himself. If we may be allowed a word of criticism: our knowledge in many departments of the Liturgy has grown since 1900; and it is to be regretted that the primitive text has been reproduced here without gloss, save for a few bibliographical references. In connection with the early worship of Saints, with Christian hymns and prayers and formulas of exorcism, the Greek Papyri discovered within the last two decades have thrown valuable and suggestive light; these additions could have been added without upsetting the order of the work. On the *Epiclesis* question the author is all too brief (p. 329); so, too, in his discussion of the Ritual for the Dead (Chapter xxxiii.)—the remarkable *Offertorium* of the Mass for the Dead should have been quoted and commented on. J. J. C.

FIFTY SPIRITUAL HOMILIES OF ST. MACARIUS THE EGYPTIAN. Translated from the Greek by A. J. Mason, D.D. London: S.P.C.K. 1921. 15*s.* net.

St. Macarius, to whom these Homilies are ascribed, was known as the "Egyptian" and the "Great." Born about 300, he was a disciple of St. Anthony, the founder of Eastern Monachism. Hence, not only on account of his personal sanctity but on account of his direct inheritance of the best traditions, his words had a sanction and authority of prime importance in the monastic world. His spiritual instructions were carefully noted down, and passed as "Apothegms" among the brethren. The authority of his name and the circulating mass of these instructions

would easily offer to an aspiring heretic a tempting means of mingling his own alloy with the gold of Macarius's wisdom and of thus hall-marking his work with the master's name.

Since the work of J. Stoffels in 1908 the *Homilies of St. Macarius* have occupied the attention of the ascetical historian. Dr. Mason admits that "the ascription of our Homilies to Macarius the Egyptian rests upon no external evidence;" but he believes that the internal evidence as developed by Dr. Gore in the *Journal of Theological Studies* solidly establishes the claim. We, on the contrary, think that the internal evidence is conclusive against the authorship of St. Macarius and concur in the judgment of Dom Wilmart that the Homilies are in reality the work of some Massalian heretic.

Dr. Mason's additional note on p. xliii of his Introduction does not do justice to the labours of Dom Villecourt and Dom Wilmart. It is not merely a question of parallelism, of some propositions here and there resembling the tenets of the Euchites. It is a question of a clear statement in the Homilies of the main ideas of the Euchites. For them man inherited the devil from his first parents, the work of continual prayer alone could expel him, and then the Holy Ghost would enter into the soul, manifesting His presence by visible and sensible tokens. They considered the Sacraments quite unnecessary for those who had attained the state of perfection, and as manual labour only interfered with prayer they condemned it as sinful. Turning to the second Homily, we see how completely it expresses the heretical notion of original sin: "The evil prince having taken man captive at the beginning, enveloped and clothed the soul in the power of darkness, as a man might clothe another. . . . He defiled it all and brought it all into captivity to his kingdom, leaving not one member of it free from him—not the thoughts, not the understanding, not the body . . . the will is present with a man to be pure, etc., . . . but he has not the power."

We can well understand why, in the words of Dr. Mason, "the one happy exception to the conspiracy of neglect of these Homilies should be a Presbyter of the Church of England." The doctrine of the Homilies on the fall is the doctrine of the Reformers, "the serpent entered in and made himself master of the house, and became like a second soul beside the soul." (Hom. xv. n. 35).

Dr. Mason assures us that the writer of the Homilies valued the reception of the Holy Eucharist; but this conclusion is drawn, not from the Homilies themselves, but from a story narrated of Macarius by Palladius. Not only is there "nothing in these Homilies like the wonderful Fourth Book of the Imitation," but any reference to the Eucharist is such as might satisfy the lowest of Low Churchmen.

Many of the Homilies are exquisitely beautiful. They contain lofty

doctrine about the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the soul, about the work of sanctification and about the possibilities of the spiritual life; but the heretical poison is in them, and is all the more dangerous because presented in a subtle and attractive way.

Dr. Mason is to be congratulated on his personal work of translation, and notably on the perfect little prose poem of the "two young strangers" who went down to Scetis; this is a literary gem which it would be difficult to improve upon.

From a Catholic standpoint many notes would be required to correct the doctrinal unsoundness. G. B.

Miscellaneous.

"HOPE." LETTERS FROM INDIA. By T. Gavan Duffy. Tindyvanam (South Arcot). 1920-1922. 1*s.* each.

THERE are few things in literature like the "Hope" series; few, therefore, that seem to call out so imperatively to the pen of a reviewer. The fact that a single "Hope" issue is labelled "15,000 Miles of Doggerel" is of itself sufficient to invite critical attention. It is not without some relief that one discovers on inspection that the volume contains only a yard or so of "doggerel"—verses which spread themselves (mystically) over a voyage of 15,000 miles. Something like half that distance away from these shores is, in fact, the spot where the "Hope" series appears. It has lying around it the glamour of the magical East. And in some very pretty little pictures—the records of an active camera—are recorded scores of scenes from its magical surroundings. In the course of his letterpress, however, the author does not often strike the note of glamour. Indeed in his zeal for his East he seems a bit hard on it. India is, beyond all doubt, a land calling for uplift work, but is it nothing else? Has not its record—its religion and philosophy and culture—since what immemorial centuries?—presented here and there, now and then, things which might make us Westerns and Christians a bit ashamed of ourselves? But, however, that may be, there can be no questioning the deep and strong love which Fr. Gavan Duffy cherishes for his Indians—his countrymen of adoption—about whom he writes so frankly. And he, he alone, is "Hope."

"Hope" is, indeed, about India and for India and for nothing else. It is an ingenious and agreeable system of eliciting alms for the missionary needs of India. As those needs are great, so too, is unrivalled, we fancy, the versatile ability with which this petitionary quest is carried on. We have spoken of the pictures and the frank pen-sketches of India; what shall we say of the humour, what of the grave and moving appeals? Let the reader just get a specimen copy or two, if not a year's issue, for himself; then he will be in a position to judge of this unique series.

What will be in that particular copy Heaven only knows; but we have a strong confidence that, whatever it be, it will not prove disappointing. Preparedness for surprise is the predisposition needed. You may meet a set of moving considerations from the story of the Passion, or a set of amusing remarks about bishops and vicars-general; a strange story of diabolic obsession, or devout thoughts in verse, or airy satire on stick-in-the-mud people. You may find the operations of a valued colleague (elsewhere described as a "man of many charms") pictured in the following racy style :—

He did inspect [for me a number of the schools] during Lent; upset all the pet theories that I had been insisting on all these years, gave glowing reports (in writing) and shocking reports (in conversation) of all that he saw, spent more than the money I had given him, left his hat in one village, his rosary in the next, his umbrella in a third, his note-book in a fourth, his valise in a fifth, *my* kodak in a sixth, his blessing everywhere, half his beard in the brambles of the way-side, half his overcoat upon a frozen teacher—and returned in time to catch the steamer for his home in France, where he has gone to shed as many as possible of those tingling nerves which all of us in India, unlike the rolling stone, are fated, it seems, to gather; or possibly to recover from the things I said to him when he returned after that little inspection tour.

If you like fearless originality in poetry you may be fortunate enough to come upon some of the appeals for "the Catechism Crusade." For example, this limerick :—

With 110 in the shade,
Your end cannot long be delayed;
But, please, ere you melt,
Show the sympathy felt
For the Catechism Crusade!

Or this one :—

O fairy-like vision! O maid,
Who shamest the sun into shade!
Be merciful, honey,
And part with some money
For the Catechism Crusade!

And there are appeals surprisingly different from these skits—little poems of high thought and serious feeling. This missioner is no exquisite Tennyson, but he can give us things of such genuine worth as the following :—

Man rose and shattered into pain the earth,
Which God to joy had brought exulting forth:
Yet not a fragment struck the peace-bound Throne;
The tragedy was tragedy for man alone,
Till God came leaping down to our estate,
Who could not otherwise participate
In woe; and, great exemplar motion this,
Fitted our pain to His essential bliss.

All, comic and sublime, is directed to one great end—a practical end keenly visioned and passionately pursued. "Hope" will, we trust, communicate the fine infection of this zeal to many—especially to many in that Irish motherland—"my motherland"—of which Father Duffy never loses, however far away, a keen and loving consciousness. G. O'N.

Shorter Notices.

OIDHCHEANNA SIDHE. Micheál Mac Liaimmhóir do sgriobh agus do mhaisigh. (Faery Nights. Written and Illustrated by Micheál Mac Liaimmhóir). Dublin: Talbot Press. 1922. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

"I SAY to myself . . . that they are surely there, the divine people, for only we who have neither simplicity nor wisdom have denied them, and the simple of all times and the wise men of ancient times have seen them and even spoken to them." Mr. Yeats is right: "they are surely there," *na Daoine Maithe*, "the Good People"—and here we have the adventures of little Gráinne Burke on St. Brigid's Eve, and of Maire and Ciaran O'Farrell on the Eve of May, and of Pegeen Mullen on November Eve, and above all of Patcheen Mháire and his companions on Midsummer Night, set down most charmingly in Irish and English, by Micheal Mac Liaimmhóir, to prove it. For on the Four "Faery Nights" (of which each season has one) did those little folk, each of them very simple and very wise, "see and even speak to "the Faery People."

Mothers and teachers, with little Gráinnes and Ciarans and Máires of their own, to whom they are determined to restore their lost Gaelic heritage of language and tradition, of imagination and beauty, will welcome enthusiastically this delightful book. The Irish on the one page, very simple both in form and, as far as possible, in spelling, free from aggressive provincialism, is matched on the other by English, very simple likewise, but pure and distinguished; and both pages—and their illustrations—are touched into beauty, like the star-lit lake stirred by the faery piping, by a melodious breath of romance and imaginative poetry. A book to be heartily recommended. HELENA CONCANNON.

ꝺuanaire ꞇaeꝺilꞇe. By Róis Ní Ogáin. Dublin: Educational Company of Ireland. 1922. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE editor has brought together in this anthology seventy-eight of the best-known of our older Irish songs. For the greater part they belong to that species of song which is treasured in the memory of the people because of some special lyric excellence long after the name of the author has been forgotten. These songs have not the rich assonances and the luxuriant phrase of Eoghan Ruadh and his compeers, but they have a simple direct appeal to which we easily respond in some emotion of sorrow or laughter. Their wild-flower fragrance will please us in many a mood when we are inclined to weary of the over-richness of our more ornate poems. Apart from their poetic worth, they will be invaluable to the student of Irish for the racy idioms in which they abound.

Perhaps in future editions *Cumainn* as a vocative will give place to the correct form, *Cumann*.

An interesting series of notes and a glossary of unusual words as an aid to the student give an added value to a book which is sure of an enthusiastic welcome from all lovers of Irish poetry. C. O'B.

DE DEO CATHOLICAM ECCLESIAM ORGANICE VIVIFICANTE. Auctore Michaele d'Herbigny, S.J. Paris: Beauchesne. 1921. 18 fr.

THIS work is meant for the student. It is the second of two on the Church. The first had dealt with the institution by Christ of a Church which was to endure for ever as a means of salvation for all men. The present one treats of the Church as it is to-day, and answers the questions—Did Christ mean His Church to be distinguishable from other religious bodies, and, if so, how? Which religious society at the present day has the marks of Christ's Church? What is the organisation of this Church? Who are its members? How are they bound together? How does the Church speak?

The matter, as will be seen, is that usually found in theological treatises on the Church. Where Father d'Herbigny differs from his predecessors is in the detail with which the questions are worked out, the richness of quotation from ancient and modern sources, and in a really intimate knowledge of historical questions. Owing to the amount of detail and learning it contains, the work is hardly suited as an ordinary text-book. But for more serious study it is very valuable. Particularly noteworthy are the points of contact made with modern controversy. The author has long been known as an authority on Russian religious thought, and in this work the Eastern churches receive full and sympathetic treatment. Recent developments in the Anglican communion are also considered. In this, as in all other points, the writer shows himself quite familiar with all the most recent literature.

H. A. J.

Books also received:

Ales, A. d' ...	La Théologie de Saint Cyprien. (Beauchesne, 24 fr.).
Andrews, C. F.	The Oppression of the Poor. (Madras: Ganesh, R. 1.).
Angas, L. L. B.	Reparations, Trade and Foreign Exchange. (King, 12/6).
Anonymous ...	A Nineteenth Century Miracle. The Brothers Ratisbonne. (Burns, O. W., 7/6).
Ayscough, John	Pages from the Past. (Longmans, 7/6).
Barnes, Arthur S.	Bishop Barlow and Anglican Orders. (Longmans, 12/6).
Boylan, Patrick	Thoth the Hermes of Egypt. (Milford, 10/6).
Brooks, Neil C.	The Sepulchre of Christ in Art and Liturgy. (University of Illinois, $1.50).
Cafferata, H. Canon	The Catechism simply explained. (Burns, O. W., 1/6).
Candler, Edmund	Abdication (Constable, 7/6).
Carrington, Philip	Christian Apologetics of the Second Century. (S.P.C.K., 5/6).
Clarke, Thomas J.	Glimpses of an Irish Felon's Prison Life. (Maunsel & Roberts, 3/6).
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Girard, Georges	Racolage et Milice, 1701-1715. (Plon-Nourrit, 20 fr.).
Goyau, Georges	Histoire Religieuse de la Nation Française. (Plon-Nourrit, 48 fr.).
Grannan, Charles P. ...	A General Introduction to the Bible. Four vols. (Herder, 32/-).
Guilday, Peter	Life and Times of John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore. (Encyclopedia Press, $5.00).
Hassan, Badrul	The Drink and Drug Evil in India. (Ganesh, 5/-).
Hausherr, M.	Ignatiusbüchlein. (Benziger, M. 18).
	Himmelskrone. Eine Sammlung von Gebete und Andachten. (Benziger, M. 48.60).
Heald, Joseph	A Systematic Catechism. (Burns, O. W., 1/-).
Holland, Robert E.	Life of St. John Francis Regis. (Loyola University Press, $1.00).
Houck, Frederick	The Palace Beautiful. (Pustet).
Kempf, Konstantin	Die Heiligkeit der Gesellschaft Jesu. (Benziger, M. 121.50).
Koch, Fabian von	On Theories of Free Trade and Protection. (King, 1/-).
Lavington, M.	The Trade Cycle. (King, 3/6).
Lewinski, Jan St.	The Founders of Political Economy. (King, 6/6).
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O'Hegarty, P. S.	A Short Memoir of Terence MacSwiney. (Talbot Press, 2/6).
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Otten, Bernard J.	Institutiones Dogmaticæ. Tomus iii. (Loyola University Press, $3.50).
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Reichel, Oswald J.	The Canon Law of Church Institutions. (S.P.C.K., 10/6).
Rolbiecki John J.	The Political Philosophy of Dante. (Catholic University of America, $2.25).
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	The Message of the Birds. (Ganesh, R. 1.).
	Paris Charitable, Bienfaisant et Social. (Plon-Nourrit, 25 fr.).
	Le Sixième Centenaire de la mort de Dante. Bulletin du Jubilé. Nos. 1—5. (L'Art Catholique).

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